

SARGENTA

1918

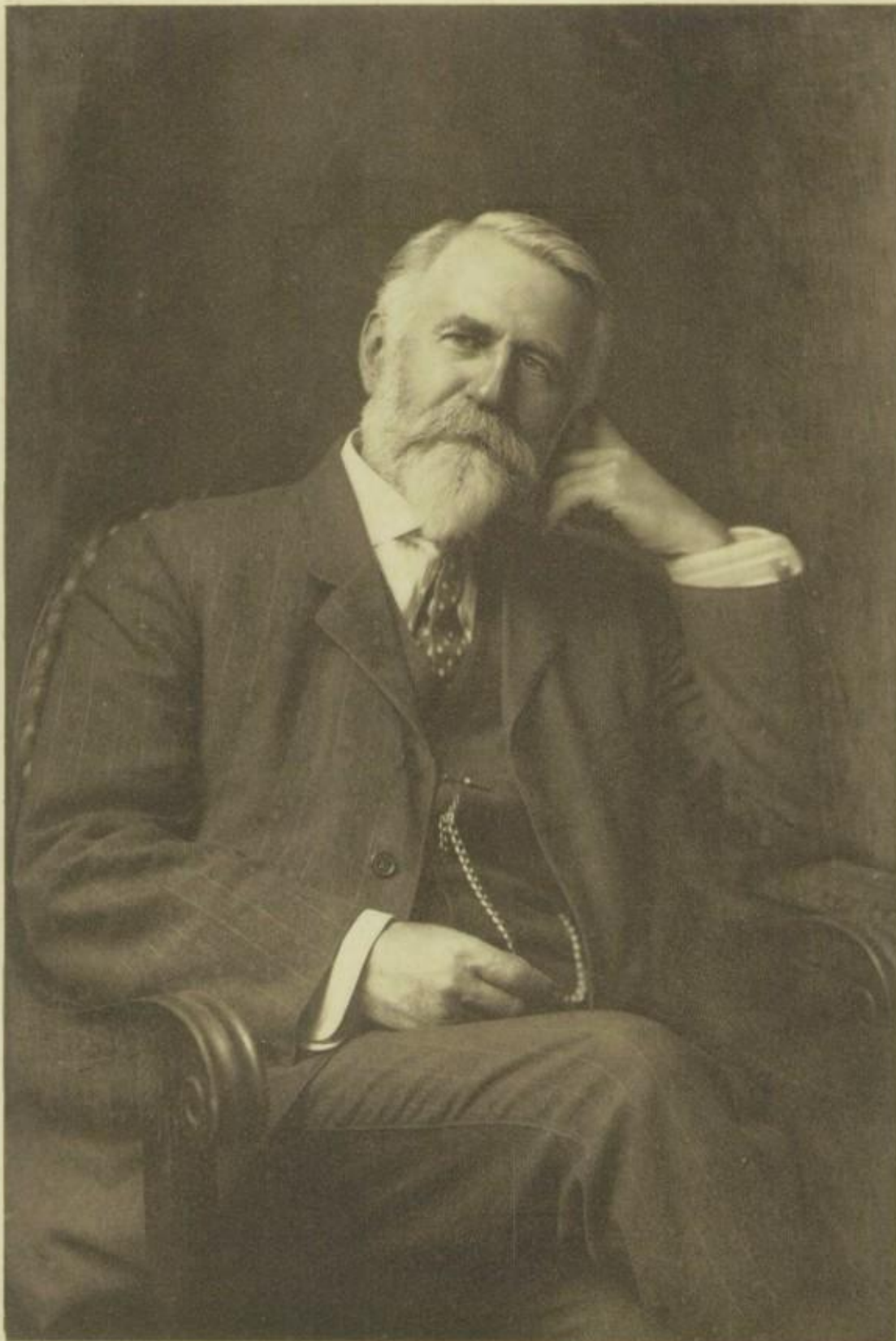


WAR EDITION

8

1

Hans Bertuch, June 29, 1918.
Baltimore, Maryland.
"Was it the lady?" "No, the ship."
"I had a cat and I called her Pal
And when she grew up, she wasn't that kind of a cat."
"Aint nature grand!"



Negative, Marcous, Boston

Wood & Jenkins, Camb.

Dudley A. Sargent.

FOUNDER.

SARGENTA

—1918—

ELEVENTH ANNUAL VOLUME



War Edition

EDITED BY
THE CLASS OF NINETEEN NINETEEN
FOR
THE CLASS OF NINETEEN EIGHTEEN

To

Nita Bergami

Patient Teacher, Excellent Athlete, Devoted Friend

The Class of 1919

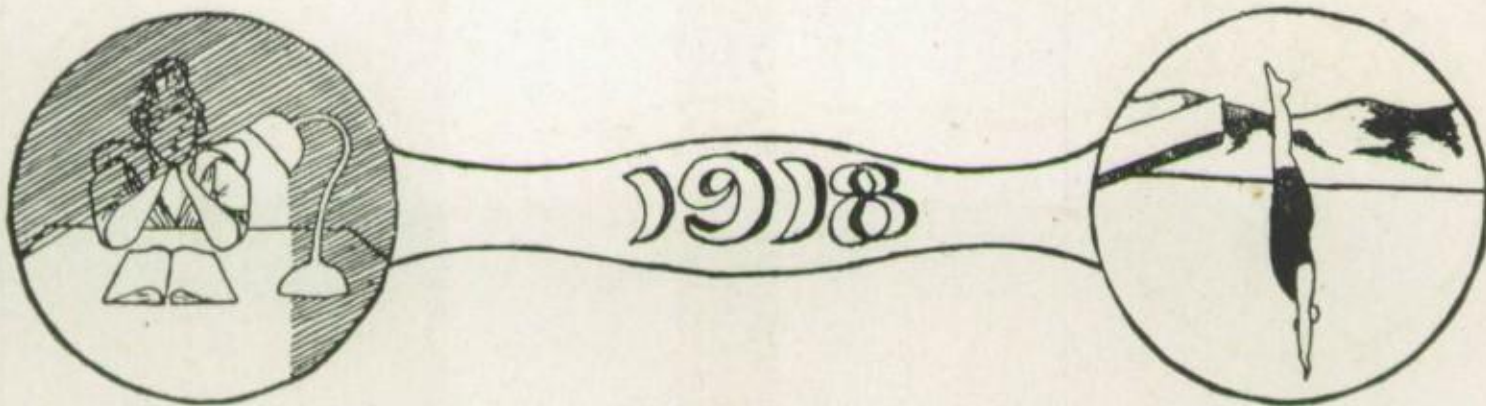
Dedicate

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Sargenta



Nita Bergami



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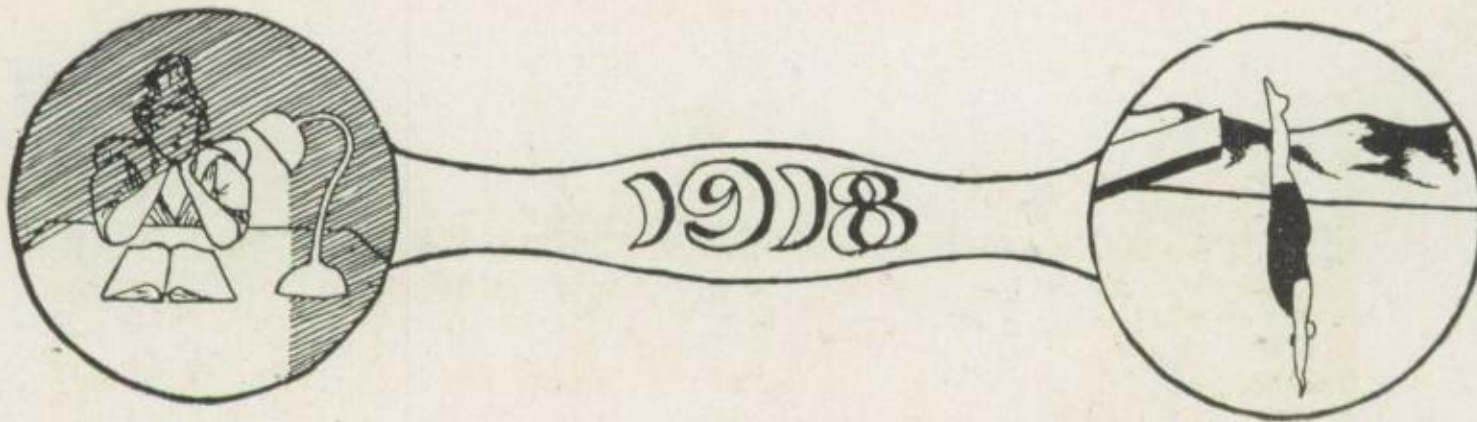
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1918



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PRISCILLA COE, '18, *Swimming*

LEONORA IVEY, '18, *Archery*

ANNE KEAN, '19, *Swimming*

VERNA MEDENWALD, '18, *Swimming*

JANETTE FOTHERINGHAM, '18, *Assistant Recorder*

ELISE NELSEN, '18, *Swimming*

ROSALIE NEWMAN, '18, *Swimming*

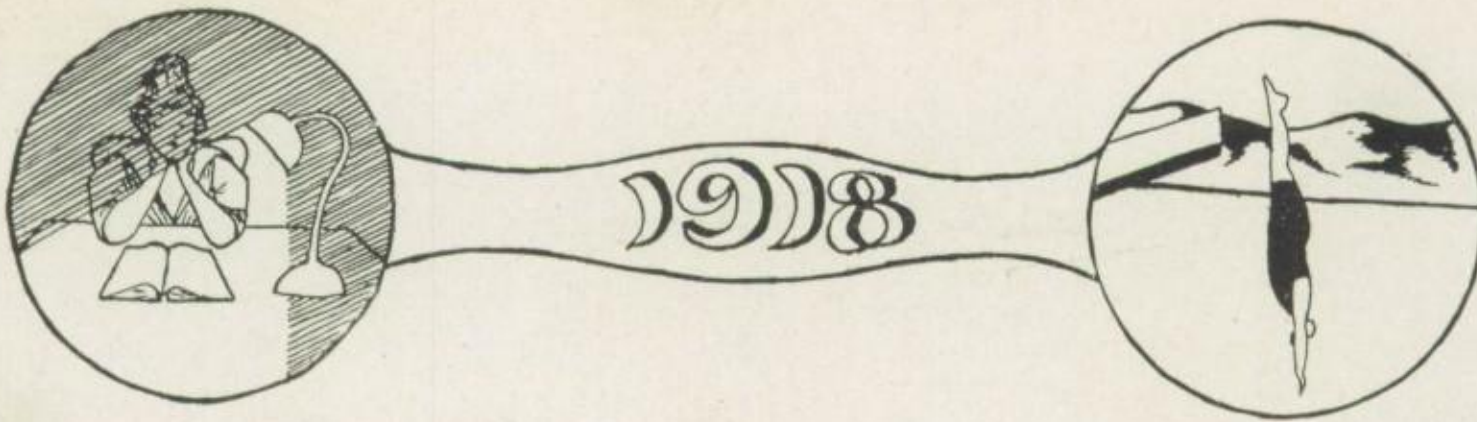
BERYL SAWYER, '18, *Tennis*

LUCILE STRULLER, '18, *Tennis*

MARY WEEDEN, '18, *Tennis*

SENIOR





Senior Class Officers



President

EMMA MURRAY

Vice-President

KATHERINE TEBBITT

Treasurer

ELEANOR MULFORD

Secretary

JESSIE LUMSDEN



ESTHER LOUISE BECKWITH Waltham, Mass.
33 Wadsworth Ave.

"You turn from the fairest to gaze on her face."



MARION BENNIS Brooklyn, N. Y.
264 Garfield Place

*"She is a gallant creature and complete
In mind and feature."*

New York State Club, '17, '18 Athletic Association, '16, '17
Diving Meet, First, '17, '18 Swimming Meet, Second, '17
Junior Prom Committee



WILBERTA MERRELL BLISS Shrewsbury, Mass.

*"Is not this a rare fellow?
He's good at anything."*

Class Treasurer, '16 Secretary of Christian Association, '17
Chairman of Junior Prom, '17 A. A., '16, '17, '18
Christian Association, '16, '17 Glee Club, '16
Cotillion Club, '17, '18 Class Stunt Vaudeville, '16, '17



ANNE BOILLIN Clarksville, Tenn.
750 Franklin St.

*"And still the wonder grew
That one small body
Could contain so much."*

Southern Club '17, '18 Chairman Senior Vaudeville
Third Place, Indoor Meet Secretary Current Events '18
Senior Chairman A. A. Vaudeville '18
Chairman Senior Class Day Committee '18

DORIS BOWMAN

Winchester, Mass.

90 Church St.

*"He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men."*

Class Basketball, '16, '18

Captain, '17



LEONICE ELOISE BROWN

Lowell, Mass.

44 Highland Ave.

*"Fair be all thy hopes
And prosperous be thy life."*

Wall Scaling Team, '16, '17, '18

Captain, '17



RUTH BROWNE

Flint, Mich.

308 West 3rd Ave.

"That within which passeth show."

Western Club, '16, '17, '18

Christian Association, '16

A. A., '16, '17



LILLIAN BRUCE

Lawrence, Mass.

1018 Essex St.

*"How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy."*

Winner Freshman Meet, '16

Wall Scaling Team, '16, '17, '18





GRACE BURT

Lansdowne, Pa.

*"'Tis not what a woman does that exalts her,
But what a woman could do."*

Penn Club

House Councillor, '17, '18
Basketball Tournament Committee, '17



HELEN M. BYRON

Needham Heights, Mass.

39 Rosemary St.

"Absence of occupation is not rest."



ANNAH ALTON CAMERON

Belmont, Mass.

*"Born for success she seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes."*

Student Government Board, Camp, '17
Commuters' Club, '17
High Vaulting, Captain, '17, '18

Soccer, '17
Wall Scaling, '17, '18
Business Manager of A. A. '18



EDNA HELEN CARLING

Arlington, N. J.

60 Stewart Ave.

*"Some are born great,
Some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them."*

New York State Club
President Current Events Club, '18
Varsity Basketball, '17
Class Hockey, '17, '18
Class Soccer, '17, '18
Class Lacrosse, '17, '18
Cox Class Crew, '17, '18
Vaudeville Committee, '17, '18

Vice-President A. A., '17
Class Basketball, '16
Captain Varsity Basketball, '18
Varsity Hockey, '17, '18
Varsity Soccer, '17
Glee Club
Wall Scaling Team, '16, '17, '18
Student Government Council, '18

RUTH CASE

Flemington, N. J.

150 Main St.

*"Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.
Not that I love study less but I love fun more."*

Cotillion Club

A. A. Association, '16, '17, '18

"8" Club



LAURA BECKWITH CHANDLER

Waltham, Mass.

137 Alder St.

"Thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous."

Class Basketball, '17, '18

Wall Scaling Team, '16, '17, '18

Wall Scaling Team Captain, '18



DOROTHY CHISHOLM

Proctor, Vt.

*"When you do dance I wish you
A wave of the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."*



CORNELIA SUSANNA CLAYTON

Waynesboro, Pa.

Main St. and Clayton Ave.

*"Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."*

Class Basketball, '18

Penn Club, '16, '17, '18

A. A. '16, '17, '18





GRACE HELENA CLIFFORD

Worcester, Mass.

12 Melville St.

*"A good face is a letter of recognition,
As a good heart is a letter of credit."*



PRISCILLA ALDEN COE

Boston, Mass.

"Speech is great but seeing is greater."

Wall Scaling Team, '17
Lacrosse, '17, '18
Manager Basketball, '18

Student Government

Crew, '17, '18
Cotillion Club
Glee Club



MARY LOUISE COLLYER

Maplewood, N. J.

38 Clinton Ave.

"Merry and full of laughter is she."



EMMA VIRGINIA CORYELL

Darby, Pa.

420 Spruce St.

"A mind content a conscience clear."

Soccer, '16
House Councillor, '17

Penn. Club
Current Events Club, '18

MORA CROSSMAN

Dolgeville, N. Y.

*"Tho I am always in haste,
I am never in a hurry."*

New York State Club, '16, '17
Current Events Club, '18
Cotillion Club, '17, '18

President New York State Club, '18
Assistant Editor SARGENTA, '17
Manager Vaudeville, '18



RUTH AMELIA CROWELL

Medway, Mass.

Village St.

"The good I stand on is my truth and honesty."



DOROTHY CURRIER

Arlington Heights, Mass.

5 Wollaston Ave.

"It is the wise head that makes the still tongue."

Crew, '17

Wall Scaling Team, '16, '17, '18

"8" Club



CATHERINE CURTIS

Woburn, Mass.

10 Winter St.

*"He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect."*

Commuters' Club, '16, '17





KATHARYN TRACY DACAMARA

West Palm Beach, Fla.
1230 South Olive St.

*"He doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man."*

Southern Club
Crew, '17, '18

Glee Club
Wall Scaling, '17, '18



VIOLET LEONA DANDROW

Lynn, Mass.
25 Beacon Hill Ave.

*"This, of my thoughts is chief,
To use life while I may"*



DOROTHY REPPERT DENNISTON Uniontown, Pa.
64 Stockton Ave.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Penn Club, '16, '17



ELAINE DESMOND

Cranford, N. J.
204 West End Place

"She could songs make, and well indite."

Editor-in-Chief SARGENTA, '17
Student Government, '16

Class Hockey, '17
A. A., '16, '17, '18

LORNA DESMOND

Cranford, N. J.

204 West End Place

"Mistress of herself though China fall."

Class Hockey, '16



CLARICE M. DIXON

Dolgeville, N. Y.

*"The best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts."*

New York State Club



ELSIE LLOYD DOLEMAN

Greenwood, Mass.

Crystal St.

"Among them, but not of them."

Crew, '17, '18

Commuters' Club, '17, '18

Glee Club, '16, '17

Hockey, '17

Commuters' Club President, '18

A. A., '16, '17, '18

Christian Association, '16



RUTH CLARINDA DREW

Worcester, Mass.

City Hospital

"A friendly heart gets many friends."

Glee Club, '17

Class Basketball, '17

Class Hockey, '17

Crew, '16, '17

Student Government, '17

Varsity Basketball, '18

Lacrosse, '17

Crew Captain, '17





GLADYS LYDIA EDDY

Franklin, N. H.

101 Pine St.

"More likely to give help than to ask it."



ELIZABETH OWINGS EMORY

Towson, Md

"You would find a tale in everything."

Southern Club

Current Events Club. '18



RUTH FRANCES EATON

South Orange, N. J.

*"All the courses in my life do show,
I am not in the course with common men."*

High Diving, '17
Varsity Basketball, '18

Class Basketball, '17
Student Government, '18



MARGARET EVANS

Bangor, Me.

Harvard St.

"A good heart is worth gold."

Glee Club, '16, '17, '18

House Councillor

Current Events Club, '18

EVELYN FERDERBER

Duquesne, Pa.
Camp Ave.

*"For if she will — she will
You may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't —
So there's an end to it."*

Penn. Club



AGNES MONA FLINN

Sharon, Pa.
22 Lorraine St.

"Write her ever a scholar and a gentle woman."

Wall Scaling Team, '16, '17, '18

Hockey Team, '17

Lacrosse, '17

Penn. Club, '16, '17, '18

Student Government, '16

Treasurer Christian Association

Junior Prom Committee, '17



JANET L. FOTHERINGHAM

Buffalo, N. Y.
410 Bird Ave.

*"Nor does she defer till tomorrow to be wise,
Tomorrow's sun to her may never rise."*

Assistant Business Manager A. A., '17

Class Hockey, '17, '18

Class Lacrosse, '17, '18

Class Lacrosse Captain, '17

Class Basketball, '16, '17

Class Soccer, '17, '18

Class Crew, '17

Varsity Hockey, '17, '18

Vaudeville Committee, '16, '17

Second Place Track Meet, '18

Student Government Council, '17

New York State Club, '17, '18

Cotillion Club, '17, '18

Vice-President Current Events Club, '18

School Record, Plunge for distance

Class President, '17



EVELYN JULIA GAYRON

Rockland, Mass.
154 Myrtle St.

"Reproof on her lips but a smile in her eye."

Cotillion Club, '16, '17

Art Committee SARGENTA Board, '17

Commuters' Club, '17, '18





EVELYN GERAN

Springfield, Mass.

37 Avon Place

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Broke Girls' Record for "Hop-Step and Jump" Camp '17



DOROTHA GRAY

West Somerville, Mass.

48 Chester St.

"Doubling her pleasures, and her cares dividing."



FRANCES MILDRED GRAY

Oldtown, Me.

50 High St.

*"O! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow as cheerful as to-day."*

Student Government, '17

Christian Association, '16

A. A. '16, '17, '18



GRACE GREBIN

Amherst, Mass.

"Grace was wont to laugh."

A. A., '16, '17

Christian Association, '16

EMELINE LOUISE GREEN

Winthrop, Mass.
90 Highland Ave.

*"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night."*



HELEN EMERY HANN

Pittsburg, Pa.
6654 Northumberland Ave., Squirrel Hill

*"The news! Our morning, noon and evening cry;
Day after day repeat it till we die."*



ELIZABETH LOUISE HEATH

Trenton, N. J.
909 Belleville Ave.

"The world belongs to the energetic."

House Councillor
President Christian Association
Class Basketball

Soccer
Vaudeville Committee



FANNIE MAUDE HILL

South Chatham, N. H.

*"Good sense, which is the gift of heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven."*

Vaudeville Committee

Christian Association





CLARISSA PARSONS HOLLAND

Nashua, N. H.

8 Temple St.

*"Who with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn."*



ELIZABETH ALBERTSON HOPPER

Washington, D. C.

2515 Cliffbourne Place

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

Southern Club



DORIS ORNE HUMISTON

West Somerville, Mass.

23 Packard Ave.

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

Commuters' Club



CAROL HUMRICHOUSER

Plymouth, Ind.

620 No. Michigan St.

*"Forever foremost in the ranks of fame
The laughing herald of the harmless fun."*

Lacrosse
Western Club

Class Basketball
Cotillion Club

SARGENTA Board, '17

CECILIA ANNE HURLEY Newton Center, Mass.
Hurley Place

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing bu' the truth."



VERA BETTY HUY Jamaica Plain, Mass.
2 Agassiz Park

"I am sure care is an enemy to life."



LEONORA ISABELLA IVEY Boston, Ga.

"There is a force that eternally maketh for right."

President Student Government, '18



EVELYN PENDLETON JACKSON Everett, Mass.
512 Broadway

*"Soft peace she brings where'er she arrives.
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives.
Sets the rough paths of peerish nature even
And opens in our hearts a little heaven."*

Glee Club, '16

Vice President Commuters' Club





ELEANOR WEBSTER JONES W. Somerville, Mass.
137 Powder House Blvd.

"Silence is one of the lost arts."



LILLIAN KAMSKY Harrisburg, Pa.
218 Hamilton St.

"I thought that I would find plenty of companions in the study of man and that that was the study which in truth was fit for me."

Penn. Club Treasurer

SARGENTA Board, '17
Student Government, '18



ALICE VIRGINIA KENNEDY Cambridge, Mass.
1137 Massachusetts Ave.

"It doth appear you are a worthy judge."

Glee Club, '16, '17

Western Club, '16, '17



EMMA MILDRED KENT Dorchester, Mass.
32 Windemere Rd.

*"Still to be neat, still to be drest
As if you were going to a feast."*

VIRGINIA KIMBALL

Lynn, Mass.

14 Currier Road

Gentleness succeeds better than violence."



SARA LOUISE LAUDERDALE

Geneseo, N. Y.

"He is good that doth good to others."

New York State Club

Current Events Club, '18



BAWITA LAWLER

Lowell, Mass.

73 Nesmith St.

*"Here's to the hand of friendship,
Sincere, time-tried, and true."*

Basketball Committee, '18
Christian Association, '16

Commuters' Club, '16
A. A., '16, '17, '18



RUTH LILLEY

Milford, Mass.

52 Congress St.

"Much wisdom often goes with fewest words."

SARGENTA Board, '17





JESSIE LINDSAY

Louisville, Ky.

159 North Hite Ave.

"Men of talent are men for occasions."

Southern Club, '16, '17
Vaudeville Committee, '16
Chairman, '18

Southern Club President, '18
Junior Class Chairman, '17
SARGENTA Board, '17

"8" Club



JESSIE A. LUMSDEN

Everett, Mass.

70 Summer St.

"Others are affected by what I am, and say and do."



MILDRED REED MACCOMSKEY

Boston, Mass.

38 Hemenway St.

*"Humility, that low sweet-root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot."*



MABLE MILDRED MACLEOD

Cliftondale, Mass.

22 Whitney St.

*"His heart was kind and soft,
Faithfully he did his duty."*

MARGARET ADELAIDE MACGREGOR

Detroit, Mich.
145 Columbus Ave.

*"No duty could overtake him,
No need his will outrun,
Or ever our lips could ask him
His hands the work had done."*

Secretary of Class, '16

Lacrosse, '16, '17

Class Hockey, '16, '17

Varsity Hockey, '16, '17

House Councillor

Vice-President Student Government

Dormitory Plays Committee, '17

Crew '16, '17

Lacrosse Captain, '17

Class Soccer, '16

Vice-President Christian Association

Cotillion Club, '16, '17, '18

Western Club

Dormitory Plays Treasurer, '18



LILLIAN ISABELLE E. MALMSTEAD

Worcester, Mass.
151 Vernon St.

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."



SYLVIA ADAMS MANN

Franklin, Mass.
125 King St.

*"Better trust and be deceived,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing."*

Class Basketball, '16

Glee Club, '16, '17



FLORENCE MARTIN

Philadelphia, Pa.
1221 North 54th St.

*"In all companions there are more fools than wise men,
And the greater part always get the better of the wiser."*

Glee Club

Lacrosse

Cotillion Club





OLIVE MATHEWSON

Barrington, R. I.

"Whose worth and honesty is richly noted."



ALVA GERTRUDE MAYNARD

Somerville, Mass.

30 Ames St.

*"To see her is to love her
And love but her forever,
For nature made her what she is,
And never made another."*



MARY McDONALD

Baldwyn, Miss.

"Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns."

Lacrosse
Southern Club

Class Basketball

Hockey
Class Soccer



ETHEL M. McEWEN

Winchester, Mass.

16 Clematis St.

*"Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old."*

Varsity Basketball, '17

Wall Scaling Team, '16, '17, '18

ALICE McGRAY

Somerville, Mass.

95 College Ave.

"Nothing!"

VERNA MEDENWALD

Chicago, Ill.

657 East 65th St.

*"Who comprehends his trust, and to the same,
Keeps faithful, with a singleness of aim."*

Class Vice-President, '16
 Cotillion Club
 Class Lacrosse, '16, '17, '18
 Business Manager SARGENTA, '17
 Vaudeville Committee

Student Government
 Class Basketball, '16, '17
 Soccer, '17
 President A. A., '18
 Current Events Club



MABEL R. MILLER

Blairsville, Pa.

"To do easily what is difficult for others is the mark of talent."

Tennis Champion, '17, '18
 Varsity Basketball, '17, '18
 Lacrosse Captain
 Class Hockey Captain

Varsity Hockey Captain, '18
 Class Soccer Captain
 Crew
 Chairman SARGENTA, '17



MARY CHRISTINE MOORE

Rouceverte, W. Va.

"The world loves a spice of wickedness. We all love "Chris".

Wall Scaling Team, '18
 Lacrosse, '17
 Student Government Board, '16

Southern Club, '16, '17, '18
 Cotillion Club, '17, '18
 "8" Club





SARAH MUCHERT

Sherman, Texas

"Of spirits gay and kindly heart."

Southern Club, '16, '17, '18 Student Government Council, '17, '18
"Prom" Committee, '17



MARGARET MULCAHY

Northampton, Mass.

15 LaSalle Ave.

"Happiness consists in being perfectly satisfied with what we have and with what we have not."



ELEANOR MULFORD

Easthampton, L. I., N. Y.

"The force of his own merit makes his own way."

SARGENTA Board, '17

New York State Club

Class Treasurer, '17, '18



KATHERINE CALTON MUNN New York City, N.Y.

"Wondrous qualities and mild behavior."

EMMA MARGARET MURRY

Columbia, Mo.

306 South 9th St.

*"The thing thou art, and not the thing thou hast, abideth, yea!
and bindeth to the last."*

Class President, '18

Student Government Council, '18

Hockey, '18

Soccer Captain, '18

Business Manager Varsity Hockey, '18

A. A., '17, '18

Vaudeville Committee, '17, '18

Western Club, '17, '18



GWALDYS MYERS

Warren, Ohio

311 East Market St.

"And looks delightfully with all her might."

Western Club



ELISE NELSEN

Brookline, Mass.

"Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere be bolde."

Class Basketball, '16, '17

Hockey, '17

Current Events Club, '18

Secretary-Treasurer A. A., '18



BERNICE NEWELL

Attleboro, Mass.

149 Pleasant St.

*"To love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him."*





MILLICENT ROSALIE NEWMAN, Montreal, Canada

147 St. Luke's St.

*"Ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud."*

Lacrosse, '16, '17
Hockey, '16, '18
Varsity Basketball, '18

Soccer
Crew
Varsity Hockey, '18



REBECCA LOUISE NICHOLSON

Altoona, Pa.

1124 13th Ave.

"Of such perfection as we do in our quality much want."

Basketball '17, '18
Tennis Team

Soccer Team
Penn. Club



RUTH DUNLAP NORTHEY

Kingston, Mass.

*"'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true."*

Crew
Glee Club

Cotillion Club
Junior "Prom" Committee



GENEVIEVE ALICE O'BRIEN

Mattapan, Mass.

24 Clarkwood St.

"The time shall not go dully by us."

Class Basketball, '18

CAROLINE O'NEILL

Wollaston, Mass.

301 Beach St.

"I can swim like a duck."

Art Committee SARGENTA, '17



ELIZABETH O'SHEA

Laconia, N. H.

415 Union Ave.

"She hath a natural, wise sincerity."

A. A., '16, '17, '18

Christian Association, '16, '17



LOUISE MARGUERITE PFEIFFER S. Natick, Mass.

4 Eliot St.

"And they call her 'Lucky'!"

Commuters' Club



BERTHA I. PORTER

Gloucester, Mass.

10 Winchester Court

*"Of plain, sound sense,
Life's current coin is made."*

Crew, '17

President Mandolin Club, '18

Leader Mandolin Club, '17

Current Events Club, '18

Student Government, '17





THERESA PRESSL

Springfield, Mass.

147 Florence St.

"I'll ne'er bear a base mind."

Soccer Team, '17, '18



DOROTHY PURCELL

Alliance, Ohio

145 So. Linden Ave.

"I would rather be the author of one original thought than the victor of a hundred battles."

Tennis Champion, '16
Class Hockey

Class Basketball
Western Club



MARION RICH

Somerville, Mass.

17 Browning Road

"Though be he merry, yet withal he's honest."



EVELYN RICHARDS

Hingham, Mass.

Fearing Road

"Say shall my little bark attendant sail?"

BERYL EDNA SAWYER

Montclair, N. J.

877 Valley Road

*"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on."*

Class Hockey, '18
Tennis Team, '16, '17

Crew, '17, '18
Captain Tennis Team, '18
Class Basketball, '17, '18



RHODA CAROLYN ROGERS

Warren, Ohio

510 East Market St.

"A light heart lives long."



MILDRED E. ROSS

Winter Hill, Mass.

"Of good discourse, an excellent musician."



FLORENCE ROWLEY

Southbridge, Mass.

31 South St.

*"The possession of great powers no doubt carries with it a
contempt for mere external show."*





CHRISTINE JULIA SCOTT McConnellsville, Ohio

"I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name."

Western Club

Glee Club



DORA SHARP

Milwaukee, Wis.

2921 Cedar St.

"A certain scholar — like a studious something."

Western Club

House Councillor



EVA SHEEHAN

Harvard, Mass.

Massachusetts Ave.

*"You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures."*



FRANCES SHELTMAN

Louisville, Ky.

2227 Alta Ave.

*"Many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it."*

JEANETTE LEONORA SMITH

Brattleboro, Vt.

84 Green St.

*"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
Continual comfort in her face,
In every gesture dignity and love."*



PAULINE SOO-HOO

Berkeley, Calif.

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print."

Athletic Association, '16, '18



MARY SPENCE

Rockland, Mass.

238 Union St.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Secretary Student Government, '17

House Councillor, '18





HAZEL MIRIAM STANWOOD Needham Hts., Mass.

133 Hillside Ave.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."



JANE D. STOCKTON

Richmond, Ky.

338 Lancaster Ave.

"Thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness."



MARJORIE STROUT

Brunswick, Me.

80 Federal St.

*"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal high and low."*

Glee Club, '16, '17, '18

A. A., '16

House Councillor, '18



LUCILLE STRULLER

Upper Montclair, N. J.

16 Glenwood Road

*"Good actions crown themselves with lasting pays,
Who deserves well needs not another's praise."*

Capt. Class Soccer, '17, '18

Tennis Team, '17

Vaudeville Com. '17

"8" Club

La Crosse '17

Varsity Hockey, '17, '18

Varsity Soccer, '17

RUTH STUDLEY

West Somerville, Mass.

"Nothing is impossible to industry."

Wall Scaling Team.



IRENE SZANICK

Newark, N. J.

287 Mulberry St.

*"A friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear."*

Class Soccer, '17

Varsity Basketball, '18

Class Basketball, '17
House Councillor, '18

KATHERINE MILLER TEBBUT

Albany, N. Y.

196 Washington Ave.

*"For all that fair is, is by nature good,
That is a sign to know the gentle blood."*Class Vice-President, '17, '18
CrewLacrosse
Tennis Team, '17, '18

SARA JOSEPHINE TUCKER

So. Orange, N. J.

411 Richmond Ave.

"For she had a tongue with a tang."



MARY BASSITT WEEDON Newton Center, Mass.

"Unselfish and noble actions are the most radiant pages in the biography of souls."

Class President, '16	Tennis Team, '16
Wall Scaling Team, '16, '17	Wall Scaling Team Captain, '18
Class Basketball, '17	Class Basketball Captain, '16
Cotillion Club, '16, '17	Cotillion Club President, '18
Lacrosse, '17, '18	Class Hockey, '17, '18
Soccer, '17, '18	Chairman "Prom" Committee, '17
Varsity Hockey, '18	Varsity Basketball, '18
Chairman Initiation, '18	Current Events Club, '18
Vice-President Glee Club, '18	



MARY EDNA WELDON New York, N. Y.

"The humorous man shall end his part in peace."

New York State Club	Current Events Club
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MARGARET EDNA WILBERT Grand Haven, Mich.

*"For he lives twice who can at once employ
The present well, and e'en the past enjoy."*



HELEN WILEY Somerville, Mass.

7 Hudson St.

*"Go thou forth
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm."*

EDITH LINCOLN WOOD

Sterling, Mass.

A maiden never bold."

Glee Club



HELEN MARGARET WOOD

Brooklyn, N. Y.

513 Monroe St.

*"If an unsuspected call succeed,
Come where it will, is equal to the need."*

Wall Scaling Team, '16, '17, '18

Glee Club, '16

Student Government, '16



ELEANOR WRIGHT

El Paso, Texas

401 California St.

*"So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer."*



JULIA SHEPPARD DODSON

Geneva, Ill.

"Whose wit is dry and manner masculine."

HELEN ELIZABETH WILKINSON

Bethany, Ill.

"Thought works in silence, so does virtue."



The Senior

I stood upon the threshold of the world,
Before the portal swung to let me by;
And mused on all the mysteries beyond,
That waited me. My eager hopes soared high
O'er fields and running streams — saw the bright sun
Forever shining warmly for all men,
And rich brown Earth that mothered in her arms
Forever shining warmly for all men,
The fairest blooms of any master's ken.
Life with its many changing sides;
Sweet infancy, and loving, pulsing youth;
Gentle old age that basked in Love's warm rays,
And lived again the past years and the Truth.
I dreamed of Brotherhood, enduring, firm,
Bound by one worshipped god — our God above;
And peaceful nations, prosperous, and free
Of every kind of strife,— extending love.
I stood upon the threshold of the world,
And prayed long life, great joy should waiting be;
The end of trials in this land unknown —
And then the door swung open — I was free.

Quickly I stepped forth, then stood aghast,
Half blinded by the glare that met my eyes,
Half deafened by a wailing burst of cries,
And half unnerved to find my dreams so past;
Green fields, running streams, shining sun;
Earth, flowers, youth, sweet love returned;
For hours I searched, but like the pages burned
From out the Sibyl's books, I found not one.
Low o'er the world there hung a dreadful pall,
Shot through at times by horrid, lurid light,
And shattered with great thunderclaps and bright
Red flashes, that at length illumined all.



1918

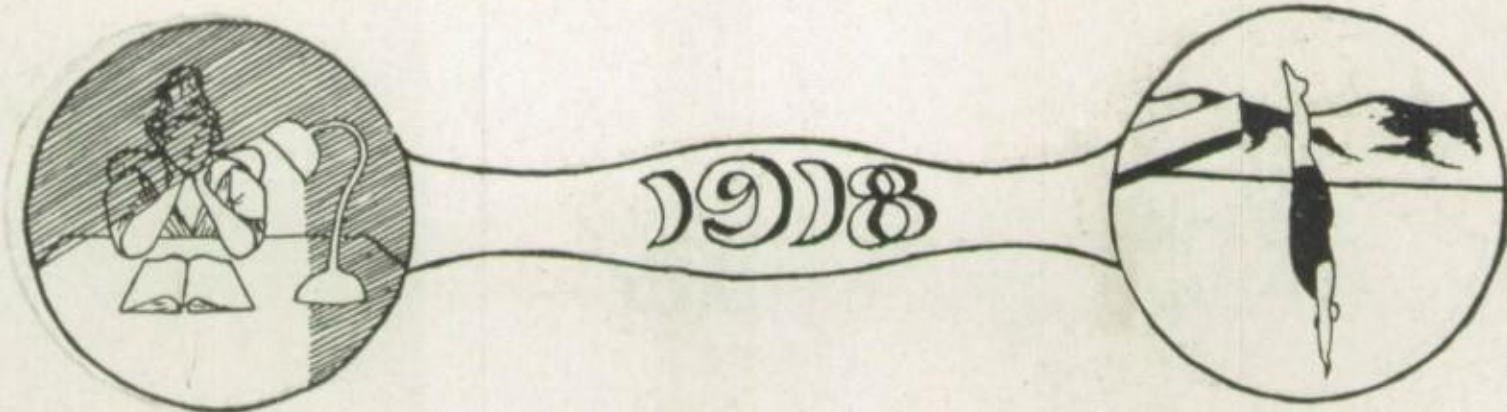


War raged on every hand save one, toward which
Sickened and weak, I wended weary way.
There in the quiet havens filled with peace,
I found again the clear, bright light of day.
Its people worked unceasingly to aid
The sufferers in stricken lands abroad,
And ever and anon, ere they should lag,
Came messages, to which with one accord
All listened, and I heard — one of their throng.
New strength seemed surging through my tired heart,
New courage came, a new light shone ahead,—
Quite eager now, I felt my cares depart,
Knowing my power and what awaited me,
I most desired to go where all things seem
Realities. I strove to free myself
From those around, and woke! 'Twas *all* a dream!

To-day, the picture rises in my mind
As here upon the threshold of the world
I stand, and know the world. My future lies
In that place, where, their flags unfurled,
My sisters stand and back the men they love.
The Red Cross flashes far its beam of light,
In myriad branches I may bear it on,
In many ways I may support the right,—
It is *my* hour. To God above my thanks
That I am given such chance to prove my worth.
This then, my only fear: — unwittingly
That I should fail this trust of mine on earth.

Give me the strength, the power, oh, Lord!
In every way to prove Thy faith in me;
That while men live and perish by the sword,
I may help them to keep their faith in Thee!

LESLIE C. PERKINS, 1920



A Reminiscence—Being a History of the Class of 1918

SENIOR — tarry a moment to reminisce with me! Pantomime some memories of our “dream life” and tell the thinkings of our hearts ere we part.

* * * * *

With true Freshman curiosity let's again haunt the corridors of that much heralded Christian Association reception, sip at Faculty Tea and adorn our faces with a smile of the would-be happy Freshman. With our “powers of recall” our taste buds now clamor for the palatable menu of fish-oil macaroni that we received at Initiation. Through a Freshman's eyes we again watch mazes of miracles in realm of upperclassdom and learn our Freshman duty,— to discover and drink at the fount from which these miracles come. With the ingenuity and native impertinence of a Freshman we exulted in our newly acquired ability to worry upper class superiority. Now we are cheering as Dot Purcell wins the tennis championship and we willingly come down a notch to take gracefully customary Freshman honors,— third place in both Christmas Meet and Inter-Class Basketball Tournament. With Freshman pride and importance we “do our bit” in Vaudeville and walk our four miles in the Preparedness Parade. The proudest and “thrilliest” moment in our life is here — mid applause we are marching in the Arena sharing our glory with Juniors and Seniors!

We run the gauntlet of finals and win our commission of blazé Juniors, trying to hide our exultation of Camp anticipation. Let's again spend hours gossiping over prospects of seeing the almost mythical sun; let's revivify the artcraft of camp, climbing mountains, doing impromptu vaudeville stunts, winning the War Games and splitting September honors with the Seniors — we winning the water meet and leaving the land spoils for them to claim.

The auto-genetic recapitulation of student phylogeny now begins. With modest Junior amiability we now attend to all the prescribed rites for the infantile Freshman Class, meanwhile ever mindful of our sacred duty to spread sunshine in the paths of Seniors. We compensate our second place in the Christmas Meet by wresting the Inter-Class Basketball Tournament Championship from our over-confident Seniors; we prom-



inently arrange ourselves in the vaudeville constellation. Hear the Arena cheers as we annex Seventeen's most coveted wall-scaling honors and establish our new record!

In that certain indescribable atmosphere of our last Campfire, there comes a thrill and a sadness as the flames seem to picture a hundred treasured memories. Oh, Juniors, you are incomparable competitors in your courage, in your sportsmanship,—but we must win those games, the water and the land meets, although we do lose to your valiant class in individual first place and tie you for second.

Oh, Senior Year — your song is less of bravado. You sing not of the manifold duties you have performed, nor of the battles you have fought, but the lessons they have taught, and the friendships you have made.

* * * * *

All our dreams of yesterday are over, but because of those dreams we know that our to-morrows will be fuller of sentiment and devotion to our dear Alma Mater, and she will know that those memories will fill our lives with an enduring courage.

“To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize.”

M. C., '18

Our Building

While the many sing the praises of their stately granite walls,
And point with pride and pleasure to their costly lecture halls,
We sit back and say but little for they could not understand
That to us the Sargent building is the finest in the land.

Though its walls are only wooden and its rooms are small and queer,
Every dingy hall and corner are to us forever dear.
Though they're very unaesthetic, all its built-on parts we know
Are only proofs convincing that we simply had to grow.

All the things that are the greatest and amount to something, too,
Are the ones that first were nothing but which grew and grew and grew.
Things that gathered in the growing all we love them for when old;
Strength and memories and traditions which cannot be bought with gold.

E. O'S., '18



1918



Practice



Before
and

Have you heard the newest slogan
That's around the Senior Class?
You must be vaccinated
Or you're not a wise young lass.

Don't you know that dreadful typhoid?
And the small-pox, awful, too,
Why, millions of those little bugs,
Are just looking 'round for you!

Come, you *must* be vaccinated,
Dr. Bill will do it free,
If not, you're surely out of style,
A fatal catastrophe!

B. T., '19

BEFORE EXAMS

O, Noble Zeus, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

AFTER EXAMS

The noble Zeus was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot!

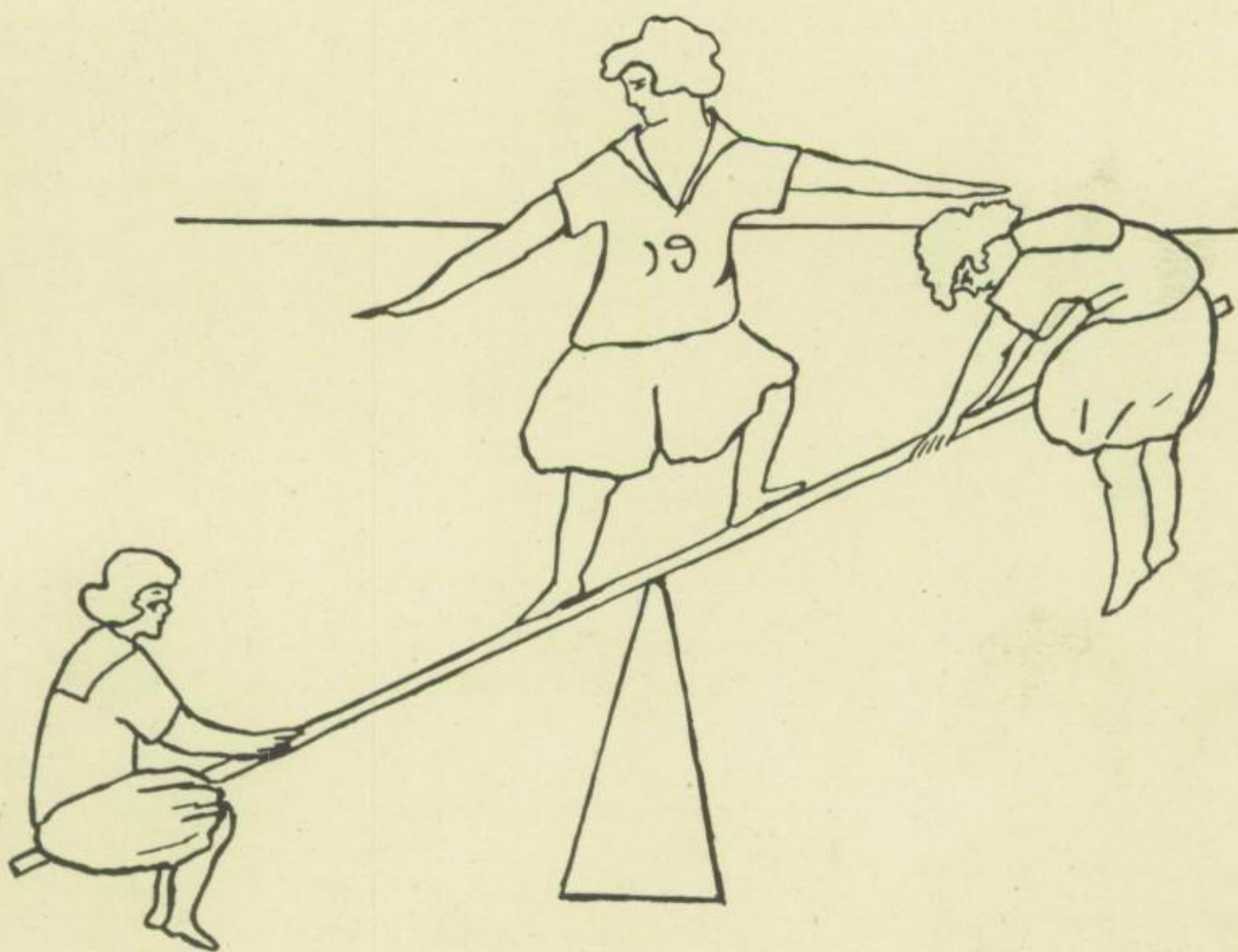


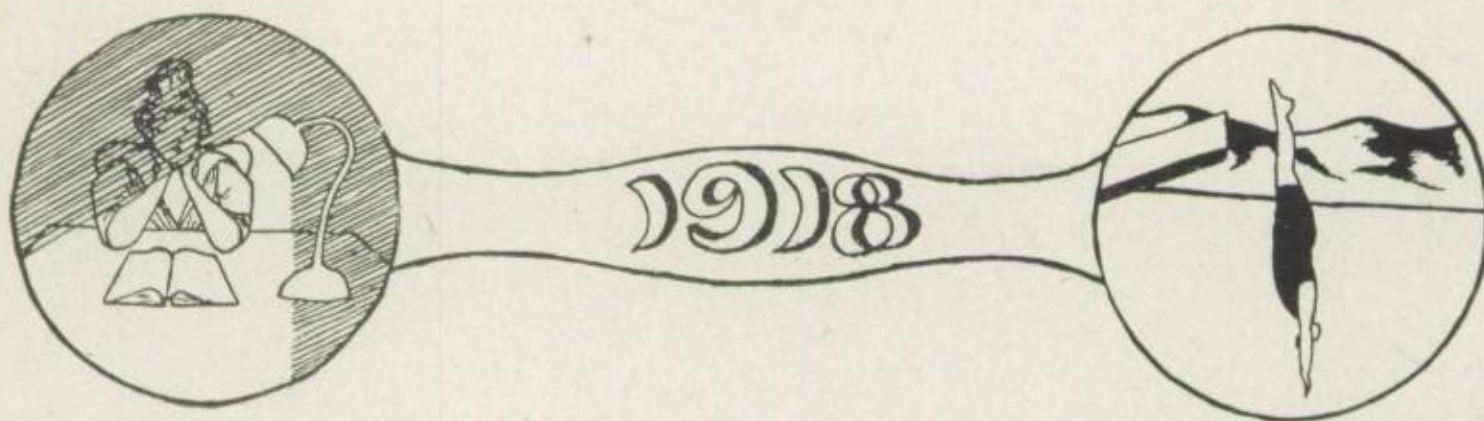
After
Taking

The top floor of the Human Block, a suite called Brain, and kept by the Sarah Sisters, Sarah Brum and Sara Bellum, and assisted by Medulla Oblongata, has been sublet to the Intellect Brothers, Thoughts and Ideas, for an Intelligence Office. All are extremely nervous and are constantly confined to their cells. The brain is done in gray and white and is provided with heat and light. It has regular connections with the outside world through the medium of the Spinal Circuit.

D. J. M., '19

JUNIOR





The Class of 1919



Officers

President

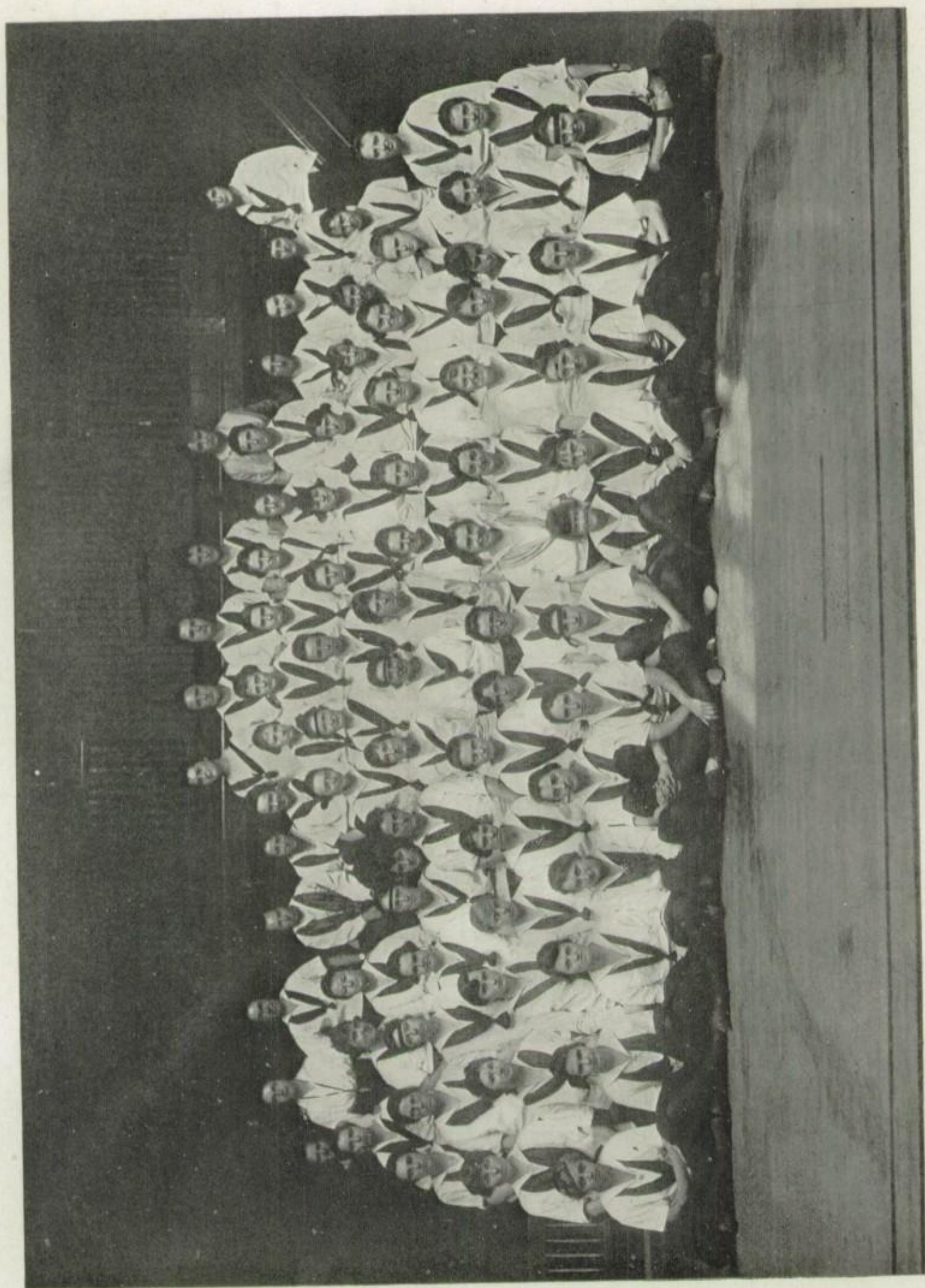
ANNE KEAN

Vice-President

MARY OWEN

Secretary-Treasurer

ETHEL BLOODGOOD

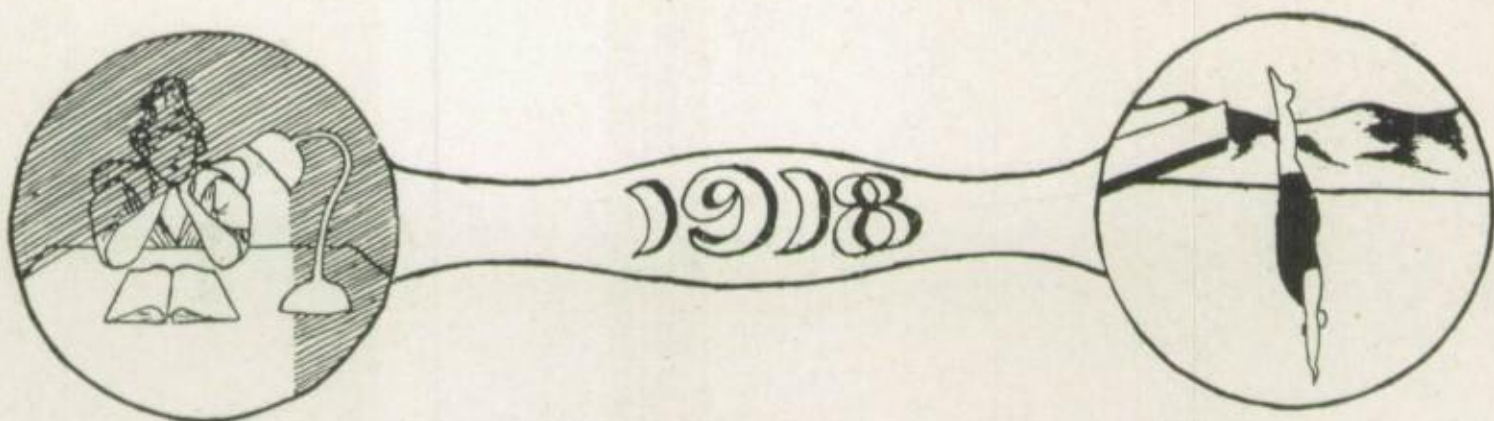




Junior Class History



TWINS are so uncommon that they always cause a stir in the family. When the class of Twin Nineteen appeared at school we were regarded with unusual interest. We were so large! We were so clever! Initiation proved our mettle, and we cut our first teeth upon the hardened upperclassmen without a murmur. By the time of the Class Meet we had developed sufficient powers of coordination to pull ourselves up mighty close to the top score. After vacation we settled down to patiently suffer the necessary mid-year malady of exams. There was some mortality, but the survivors were stronger than ever. About this time we craved for toys, and the famous Twin Nineteen mascots appeared. Several of our number entered the Spring Meet. When we carried off third place we felt very well grown indeed; in fact, quite puffed up. We were now prepared to make our debut at the Arena. There never was such an exhibition. Ask anyone who went. Our weeks of toil were well repaid. It was a glorious occasion. Not even finals could cloud the joy of the brief evening. June camp ended our first year of life in the best possible way. Indeed, some of our members liked it so well that they stayed all summer and helped win the war by farming the land.



We met in September, full-fledged yearlings. We needed all our feathers. Even the thermometer grew chilly that month and crept down into the bulb to keep warm. Back at school we followed the time-honored example of all Juniors. We stared the Freshmen out of countenance (or tried to; it was a hard job this year!). We flaunted red ribbons on our ties. We waved Applied sticks. We felt so very sure of our superiority over every body else that the Christmas Meet passed as a mere incident in our career. Alas for pride! we were glad to turn over a fresh leaf at New Year's. The appalling prospect of Junior Mid-Years filled our vision largely for the next month. As the temperature dropped lower and lower our hearts froze with fear. All exam week we came to school with piles of sweaters and blankets in which to wrap numbed toes. Then we tried to forget about marks and looked only forward, to Vaudeville and other pleasant spring happenings. If they are all as successful as the show we certainly shall round off a happy year.

Proctorship comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings much fear.
There's a list of rules half a yard long,
You can read them and read them, but still you go wrong.

There's the quiet bell ringing at eight o'clock,
When the girls to their rooms supposedly flock.
But they linger and loiter and hang around,
Till you wish every one of them under a mound.

On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights,
As a signal for the lingering guest.
The proctor must tingle the silvery bell,
And his long-due departure suggest.

Ten o'clock light-bell is the worst part of all,
Instead of in bed they're all out in the hall,
Making a racket of ten times their number,
Till the matron approaches with a look like thunder.

When she reaches the top step they're all out of sight,
Not a whisper, a murmur, not even a light,
But of course there is some one who gets all the blame,
It's the poor, shivering proctor who has lost her good name.

C. R., '19



1918



He Waited

She powdered her face, and she combed her hair,
The last indeed, with the utmost care,
While below, in the living-room there,
He patiently waited.

She picked up her fan and gloves from the mat,
Then, in a hurry, down she sat
To glance again at her jaunty hat,
While he anxiously waited.

He glanced about with disgusted air,
Took out his watch — no time to spare!
She, above, was primping there
While he nervously waited.

With a final glance at her mirrored face,
She left the room at a hurried pace.
But, oh me, oh my — before he spoke,
Something about the maiden broke!
And then,— he evaporated!

M. F., '19

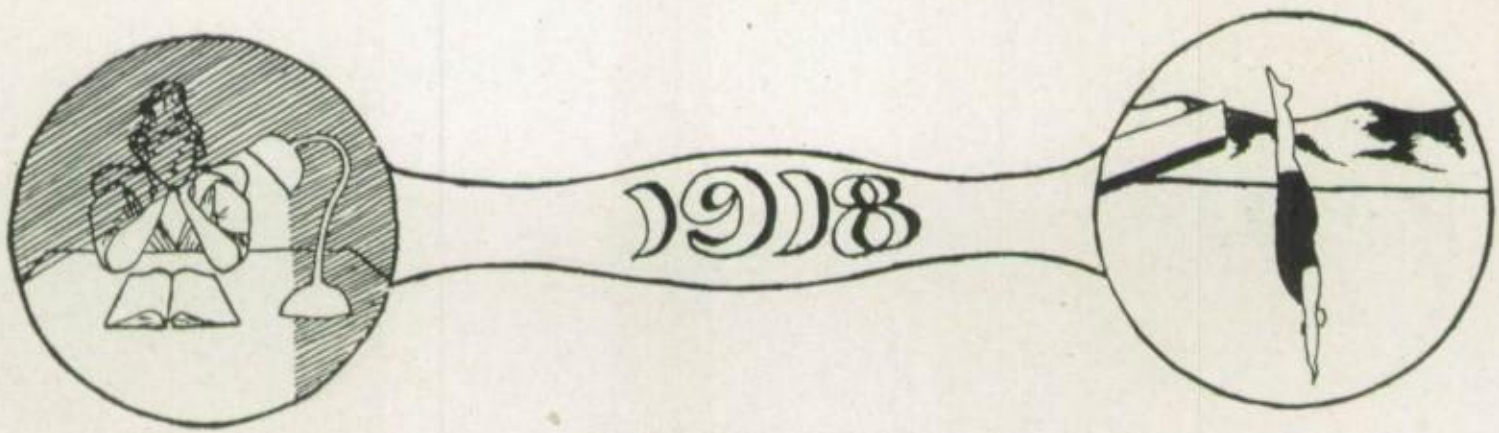
(With apologies to R. L. S.)

At Sargent I get up at night
And write my themes by candle-light.
Every week they must be in
So we must work 'til we are thin.

I'd rather go to bed and sleep
And all the rules of Sargent keep
Than stay up late to write a theme
When I could go to bed and dream.

And doesn't this seem very true? —
When you have lots of things to do,
You'd rather sit up late at night
Than be obliged two themes to write.

M. F. M., '19



Balance Exercises

1. Horizontal Balance Position on right foot.
2. A balanced position between the depths of despair and wild enthusiasm over nothing. Common sense is needed to maintain equilibrium.
3. A level head that knows the real things from the unreal and does not waver. "Fix your eyes"—on a Star!

V. W.

A Tale of Woe

Monday morning, bright and early,
I was on my way to school,
Just on time at every station,
Following the general rule.
"Huntington!" the trainman shouted,
Just four minutes to the goal,
But we stayed there half an hour,
Late for practice! Bless my soul!

'Twas the same on Wednesday morning,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Only Tuesday was excepted,
Never late upon that day.
For you see on Tuesday morning
We have military drill —
Train is on time to the second,
I must go against my will.

I must go to practice Tuesday
When I'd gladly absent stay,
But when I would go with pleasure,
Train is late along the way.

D. M. F., '19



1908



To My Indian Clubs

To you, twin shapely beauties,
I dedicate this song.
I love you from a distance
But not where you belong. —
In vain I try to make circles —
For out of my hands you squirm,
You shoot up into the air at first —
And then in your downward flight,
The girls around you scatter. —
To the left and to the right, —
When down to "terra firma"
You fly with a hollow whang! —
I find my nerves are ruined,
They were shattered with that bang, —
So this is why, elusive twins,
To you I write this song.
I love you from a distance,
But not where you belong. —

N. W., '19

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone.
The first was a joke by the teacher,
The last was one of your own.

The Mutual Admiration Society: Dr. Dearborn and Mr. Nutting.

Romance! Right within our walls,
When one instructor for another falls,
And at the lectures of her dear,
All eyes and ears, she's ever near.



Only a Commuter

Not long ago, I happened to overhear a conversation in which a certain girl was referred to as "only a Commuter".

Do you know the trials and tribulations which are the lot of a mere commuter? Lister, then, and you shall learn, for this is an account of one day in my life as a commuter; also, it is not exaggerated, it really happened.

ONE DAY IN JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

5.30.—I arise and banish the little god of sleep. It is black as midnight, and I grope blindly for the light. Now, for my toilet.

6.00.—More or less completely clothed, I swallow my breakfast on the installment plan, lacing my boots between bites.

6.15.—The car is due, and my actual journey begins.

6.30.—Calamity the first. The electric refuses to run any more. I make a noble attempt to reach the station before train time.

6.41.—I make a world's record jump onto the rear platform of the back coach, as the train pulls out.

6.43.—The train stops. Investigation gains the following information: "Oh, the conductor overslept, and the brakeman has gone up to his house, to get him up."

6.50.—The conductor comes dashing down the track and we are off.

6.54 to 8.15.—I lose my ticket-book, find it again, rescue my neighbor's yarn, and make an enemy for life by taking a nap while "Henry" is reading the morning paper to me.

8.17.—Due in Boston, but far from there. Train stops once more. More investigation. A freight car on fire up ahead. Four trains waiting ahead of mine. No prospect of getting started for some time.

10.10.—Still waiting. Have attended first class, mentally, of course, and now imagine myself in chapel. I feel so prayerful!

10.40.—South Station! Hurrah! Another dash to the subway. Bells ring as I am coming down the stairs. Five minutes wait.

11.05.—School at last and I feel just like a lecture in Psych.

12 to 4.30.—Quite a normal being. Very like my sister, Miss Dormitory.

4.30.—Out of my gym suit, into my street clothes and away, all in five minutes.

5.03.—South Station again, and one minute to get the train.



5.40.—I begin to think my troubles are over, but wait. Train stops. Hotbox is on fire. Coach fills with smoke. One good lady faints, several scream. Pandemonium.

6.00.—Peace restored. Away again.

6.25.—Home station and an electric waiting. Joy!

7.00.—Home, sweet home, and nothing to do until 5.30 to-morrow.

ONLY A COMMUTER

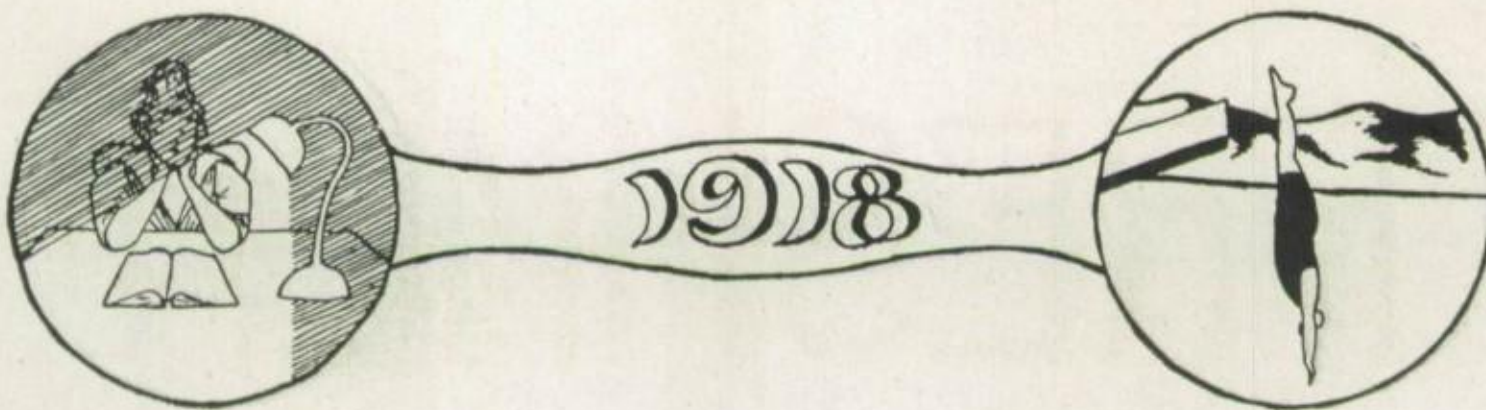
K. G., '19

A Dearhorneque Exam?

1. If the Pituitary body can make a jeté glissé coupé, how many have had their second wind?
Answer: The higher the fewer.
2. Given the latissimus dorsi as the smallest muscle of the foot, what is the respiratory quotient of a mosquito at June camp?
Answer: Fours quarter wheel, right.
3. If the subconscious mind can do a rear flank vault over a dumb-bell, why do Freshmen bob their hair?
Answer: If wherefore, why?
4. How does the polymerization of effleurage effect the concentric action of the metric system?
Answer: Don't ask us!
5. Given a glass of water and a piece of cheese, make out a day's order for a multi-polar neuron.

Twin Nineteen

Each Junior is a bonny lass
Who helps make up Twin Nineteen's class.
We entered school two forty strong —
We didn't stay so very long.
We who are left still "carry on"
And diligently lessons con.
We've won our S's in service true,
Sargent, our alma mater, to you.
In eighteen months we've learned to love
The minds that guide us from above.
Our last year's down the road, ahead,
We hasten on with eager tread.



"Do you like popcorn balls, Eve?"
"I don't know that I ever attended any."

SHE: "Oh, it's just fine to sing in the Glee Club."
HE: "It ought to be fine or imprisonment!"



How we feel in Miss
Gingras' Dancing Class!

FRESHMEN





The Class of 1920



Officers

President

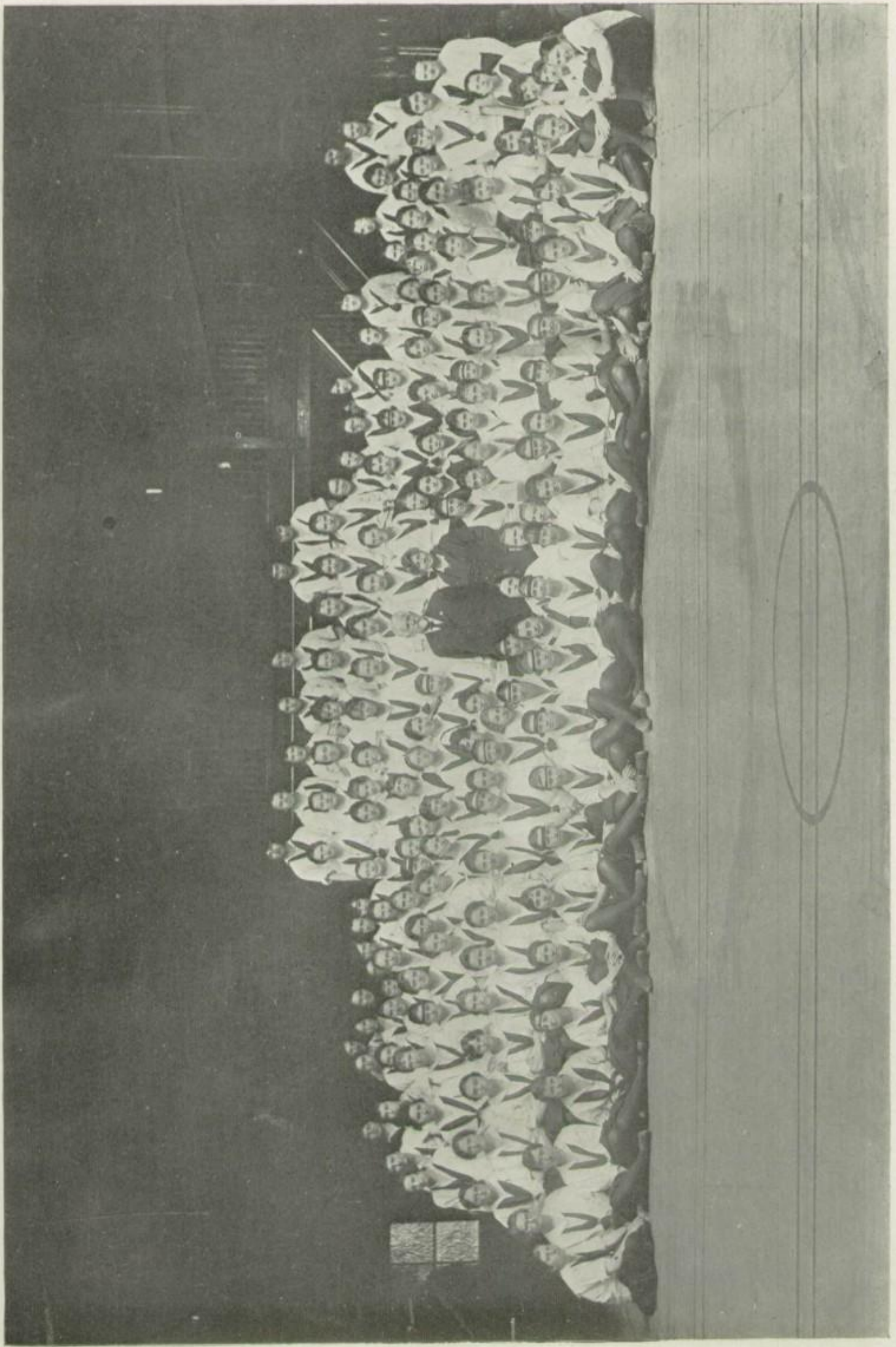
MARGARET MULHOLLAND

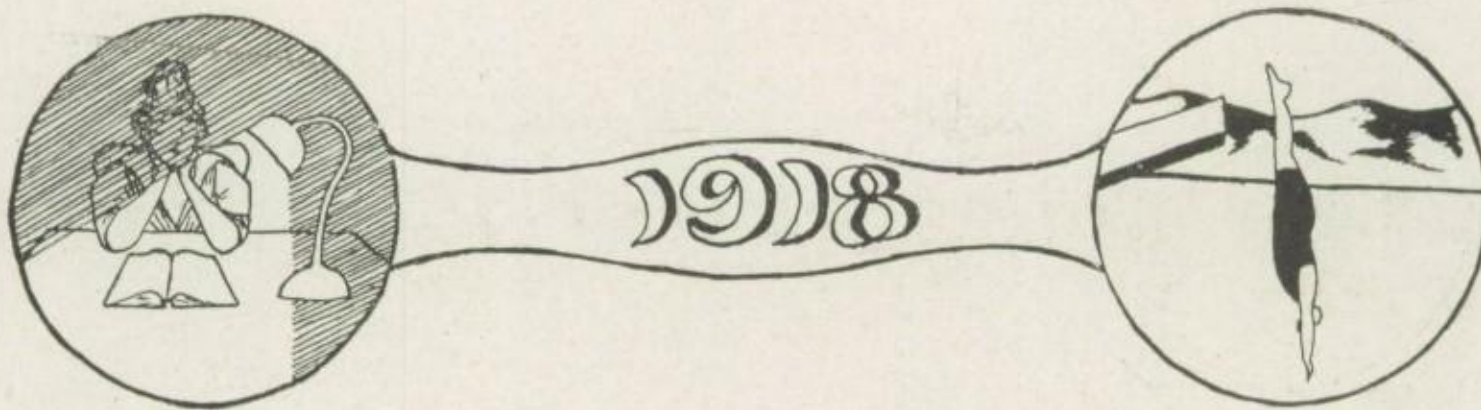
Vice-President

EDITH TURNER

Secretary-Treasurer

DOROTHY YATES

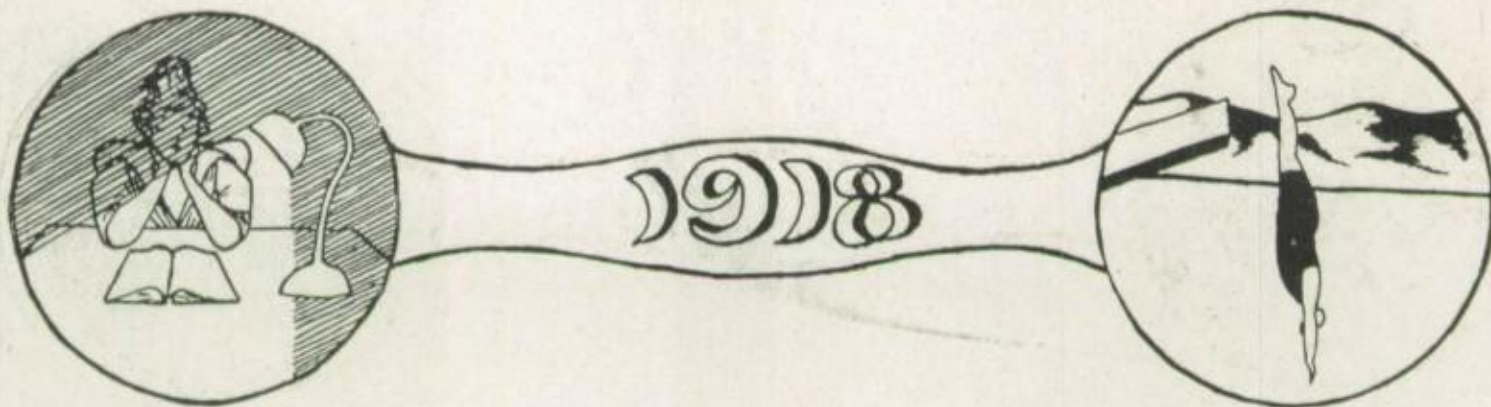




The Career of Nineteen-twenty

A LENGTHY tale we could tell to-day
If of time we had a plenty;
But we've only space for the briefest sketch
Of the "Career of Nineteen Twenty".

So we'll say but a word of that strange first month
That we spent at Sargent School,
How kind were the Seniors to us at their tea
And then, alas, how cruel!
Oh, the things they thought of to make us do!
And the pigtail dress of our hair!
And how we tried to look unconcerned
And as if we didn't care!
Then after our torture had lasted weeks
And suicide was a temptation,
We were told "the worst was yet to come"
In a terrible "Initiation".
Let us draw a veil o'er that fatal night
With fear and terror fraught,
When one by one we were put through our trial
And a becoming meekness taught!
That ordeal passed and courage regained,
We suddenly realized
That we belonged to a "regular class"
And one not to be despised.
So we wanted to get real chummy
And planned a Freshman "Bat",
And we couldn't help but have class "pep",
Such a jolly party was that.
From that time on we stood together
And to set a record, we vowed,
And when we won the Christmas Meet
Maybe we weren't all proud!
The next big event in our Freshman lives
Was the "Prom", where the fun was hot
Even though the gaily draped gyms
Most decidedly were *not*!



And then the dreaded "Mid-Years" came
And we "burned the midnight oil",
And if perchance some of us failed
It wasn't for lack of toil!
Now we needs must pause in our little tale
With just a hint of a thrill
That is in our hearts as we faithfully work
At that hated dumb-bell drill.
For we've heard a tale of "Arena"
That is coming with the spring,
And the thought of Camp — though they do say it's damp,
Just makes us want to sing!
And all the way through our Sargent life,
May our Freshman color — blue
Stand for a class brimful of "pep"
And to Sargent always true.

Verdant little Freshman
Running to and fro,
Whither, little Freshman,
Are you bound to go?
I'm looking for my class-room,
I've lost my red note-book,
I cannot hang my hat up
For I cannot reach the hook.
The Seniors look so cross,
They scare me most to death;
The Juniors, oh, they stare so,
They take away my breath.
I'm afraid of —————
Oh, dear, somehow or other,
It's such an awful mixup,
I want — I want — my Mother.

M. W., '18



1918



She was a little Freshman
Of sweet and tender years,
Of whom I write this ditty
Of changing hopes and fears.

Quite early every morning
Did she arise to cram,
And worked till after midnight
For the Mid-Year "Exam".

From four-fifteen to seven
She studied all the bones,
And then connective tissue,
And after that hormones.

She worked at all the muscles,
From supper time to twelve,
And then she took a header
In calories to delve.

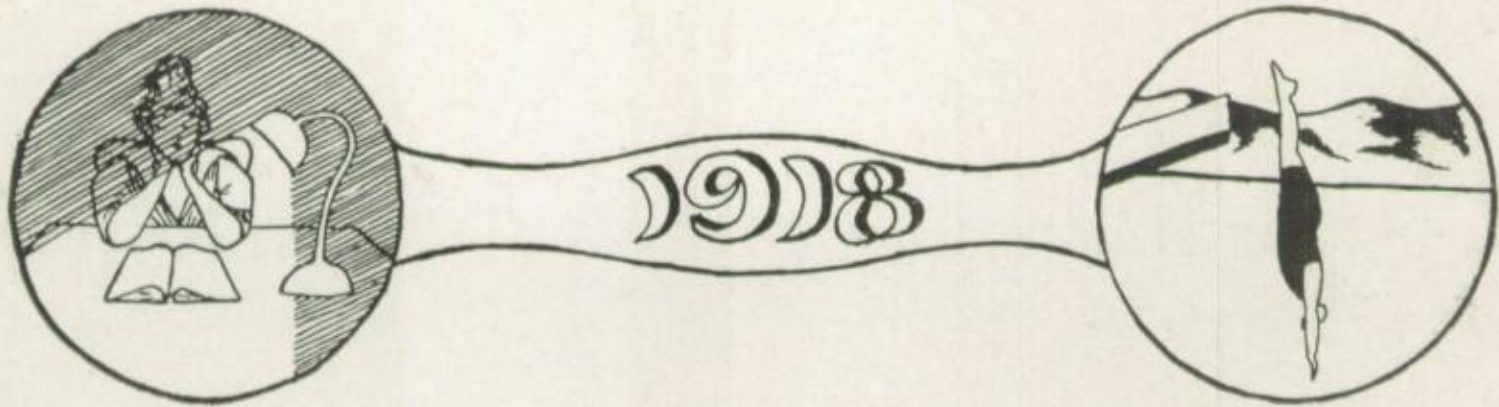
So much that poor child studied,
So much was in her head,
That at examinations
This is what she said:—

"The blastodermic layers
Lie on the frontal bone
And stretch down to the pelvis
Where it's stationed, all alone.

"Sixteen styloid processes
Will make a baby thrive,
It takes five hundred pounds of rice
To keep a man alive.

"The pancreatic enzymes
Will help to make you pass
All the examinations.
I'm the brightest in the class!"

D. B., '20



To prove that a Freshman is an affliction.

Proof:

A Freshman is new.
 New means not old.
 Not old means stale.
 Not stale means fresh.
 Fresh means smart.
 A smart is a pain.
 A pain is an affliction.
 Therefore, the Freshman is an affliction.

DR. SPRAGUE (*in Freshman Histology*): "What glands become swollen when one has the mumps?"

CURTY (*brilliantly*): "The mumpiac glands, of course!"

A Fair Teacher, annoyed by her frivolous Freshmen:

"Now, honestly, do you wonder I get out of impatience with you?"

FRESHMAN (*in a lecture on emotion*): "Dr. Dearborn, is it true that everyone falls in love?"

FATHERLY: "Well, little girl, when you get old enough, you'll find out."

JUNIOR (*wisely*): "We'll find out 'when we come to it'."



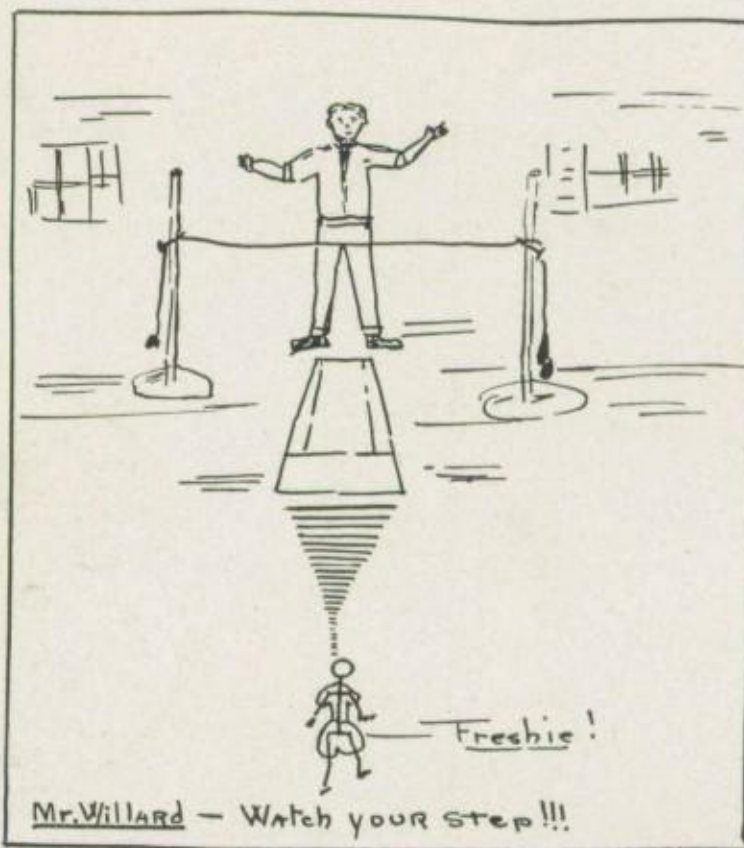
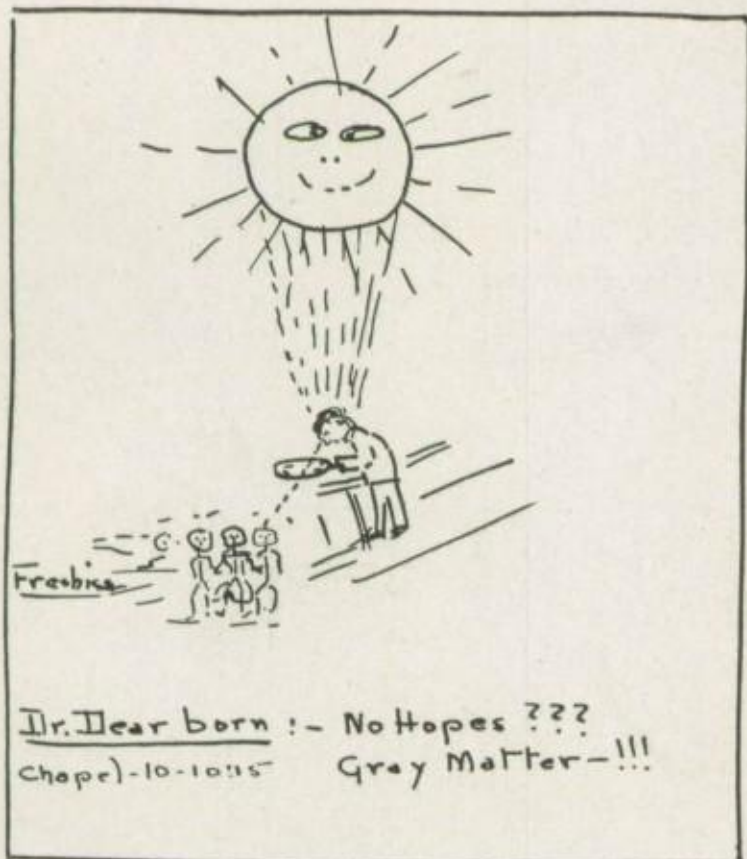
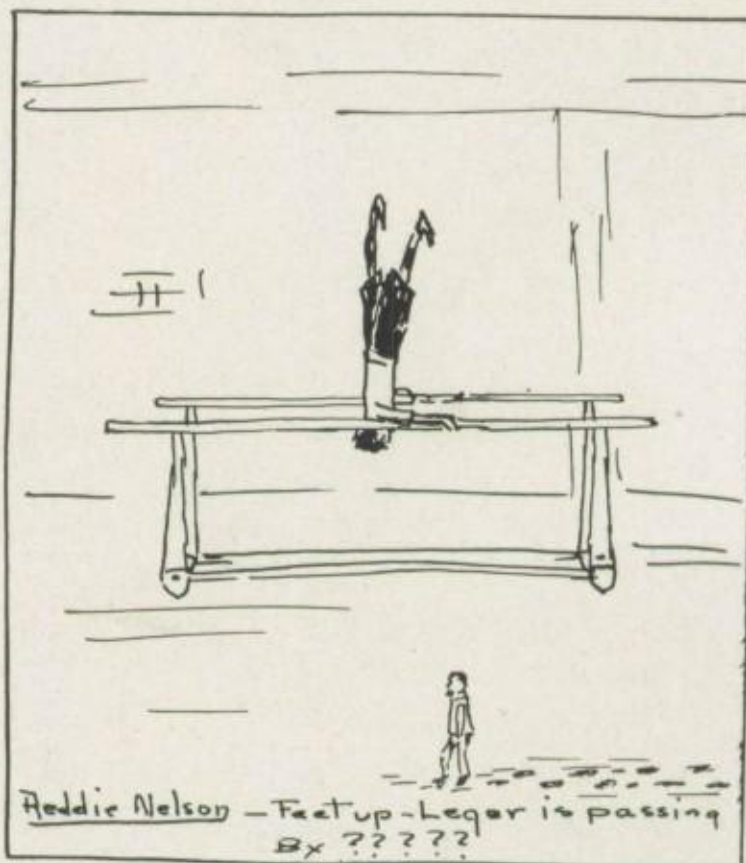
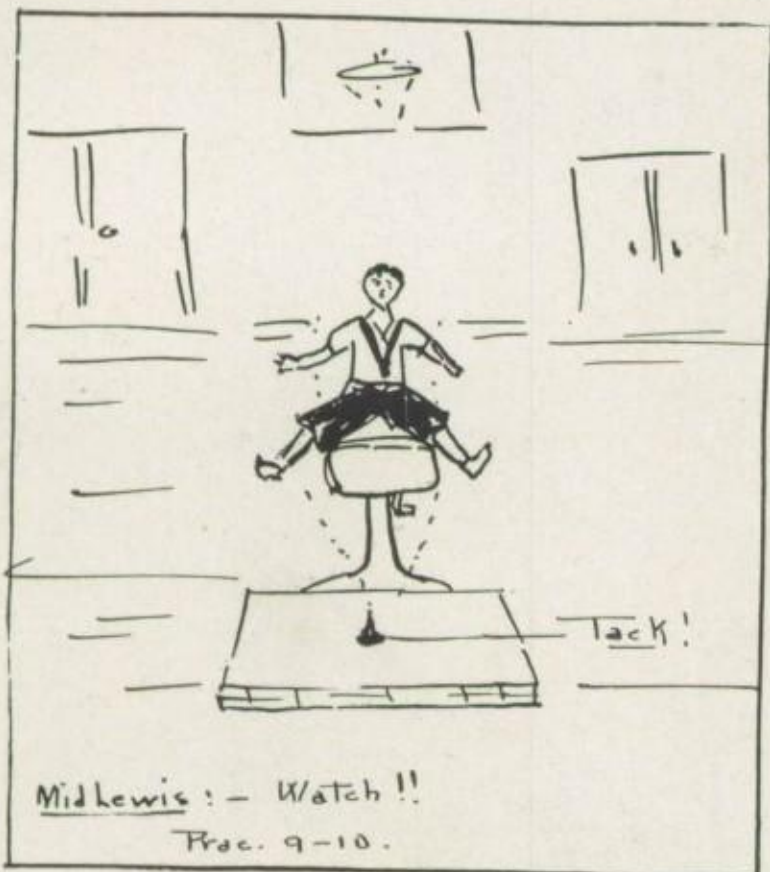


CURRENT

TOPICS



DC 18



How A Freshman Feels in Mr. Hermann's Classes.



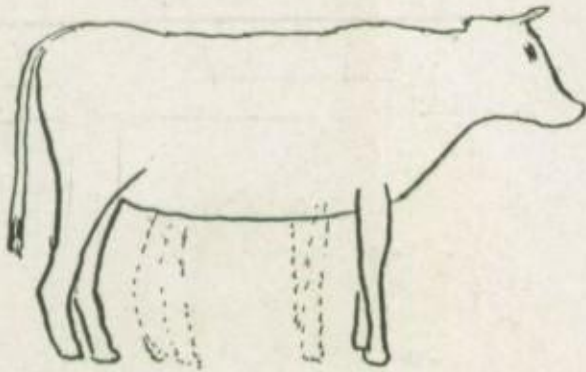
Full Fledged Inmates



Jelly Fish
(white ones)



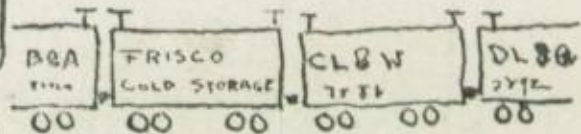
Headless



With at least ten extra
pairs of legs

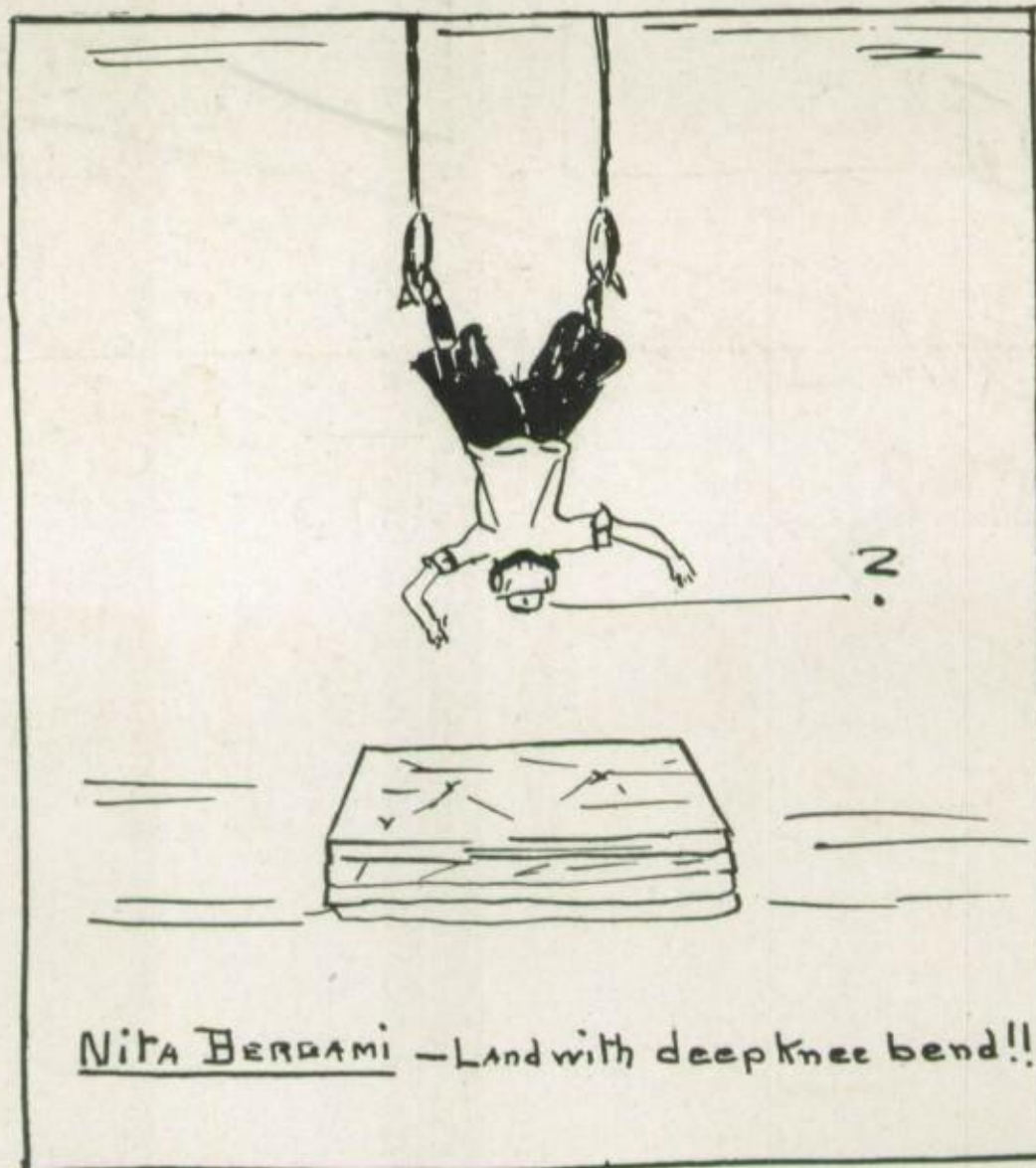


No explanation
necessary!

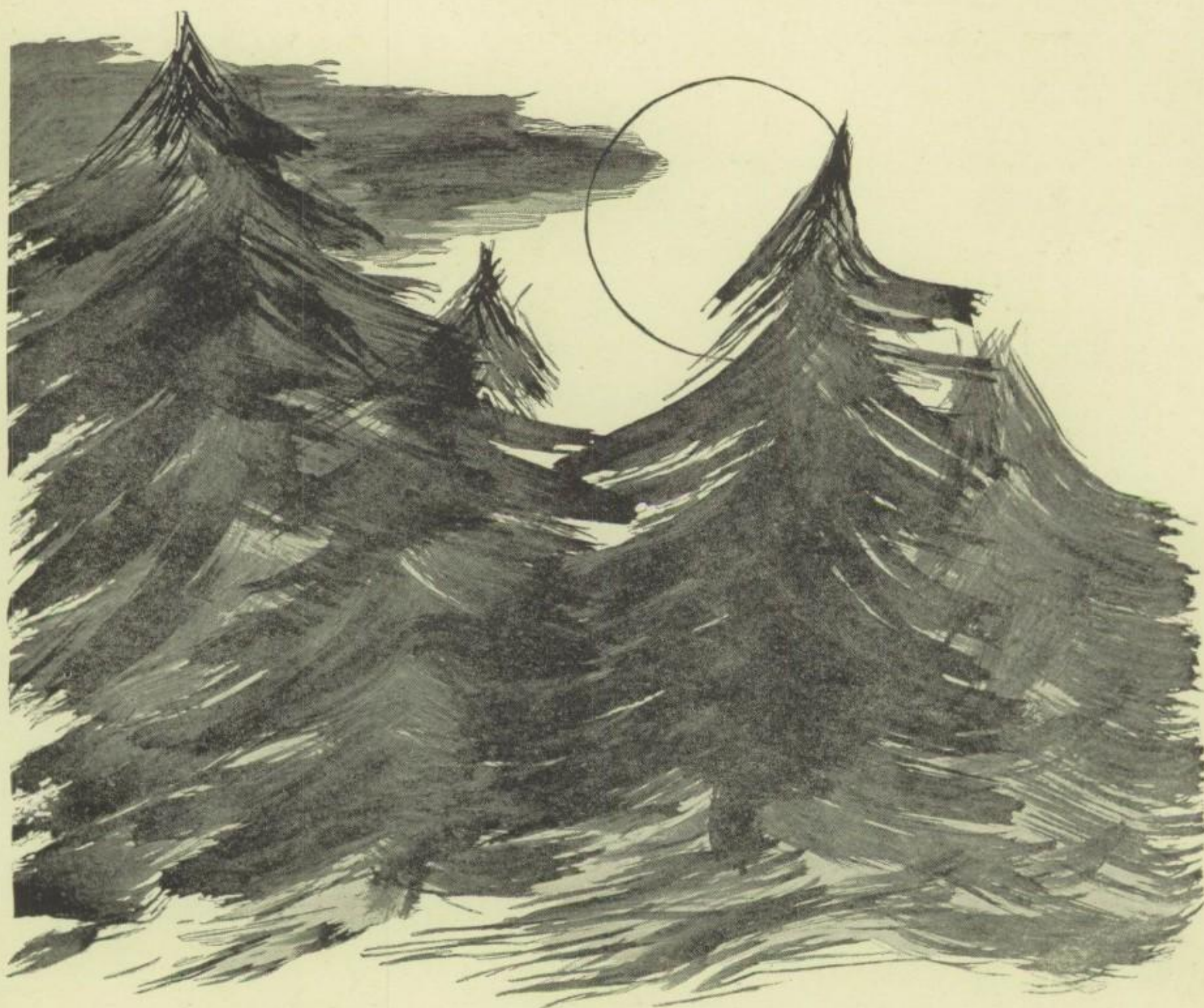


And no Engine Either

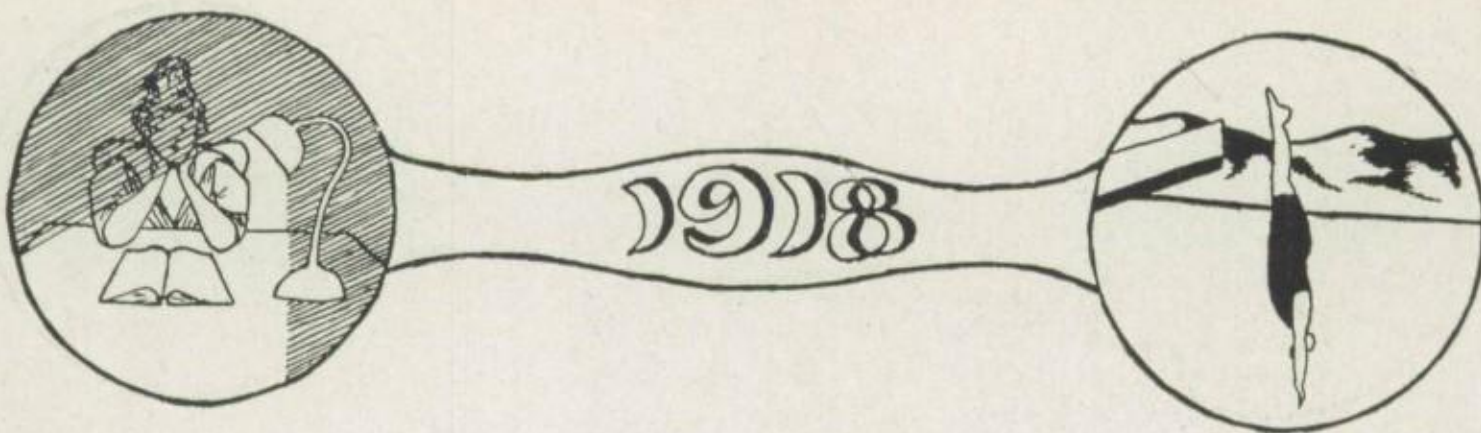
LEARNING



NITA BERDAMI - Land with deep knee bend!!



CAMP



Monadnock

TO Sargent girls, the magic name "Monadnock" always brings exciting memories or thrilling anticipations, according to whether you have already been or are yet to go on the best hike of our camp life. For this reason, then, the class of 1918 may be counted very fortunate indeed, in that we had the opportunity of making this eventful trip twice. These were made under such different circumstances, that each stands out distinctly as a most unique experience.

In June our hiking party was composed of over seventy Seniors, led by Mr. Schrader. We made a very auspicious start and after having been invigorated by refreshments at Dublin, reached the foot of the mountain by sunset. Here we built our campfire and after supper had the traditional singing, until weariness, and the advice of our guide, warned us to turn in. But this was too good to last; that hoodoo of June camp, rain, overtook us, and about one A. M. we were all scurrying around in a vain attempt to find a dry place. From that time on, sleep was a negative quantity, as we would hardly get our blankets settled before there would be another drenching downpour, and start everyone moving again. As one vivid description put it:

"Isn't it great to have rain in your face,
And spiders down your neck?
Oh! Isn't it great to wake up in the morning
A moth-eaten, rain-soaked wreck!"

Dripping bacon over the fire early on a damp, foggy morning might not be the most exhilarating atmosphere for some, but to the Sargent hikers, it only added zest to the occasion, and before long we were scrambling through underbrush and over slippery rocks up to the top of the mountain. It is true that the dense fog prevented our seeing any view farther than ten feet away, and another outburst of rain shortened our stay up there, but what mattered — we had climbed Monadnock! From then on, we had still more chance to try our prowess as ducks, for the hike back was also interspersed with a few showers now and then. Small wonder that our entry to the campus was made holding aloft our rubber blankets, perhaps as a sign of triumph over the unfavorable elements, and for succeeding, in spite of such weather, in having a delightful and memorable hike.



In direct contrast to this was our September hike, small in numbers, but very fortunate in weather and adventurous spirit. Who will ever forget our stop in East Jaffrey, the steep climb to the Halfway House, and the corn we roasted so eagerly over the campfire! A little later we had visitors, Dr. Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. Sargent, and Miss Wilson, who brought chocolate to the hungry hikers and contributed a share to the tales that were being told around the fire.

The next morning after breakfast, we started climbing up the mountainside, "like flies upon the wall," and comparatively soon reached the top. This time we were rewarded for our persistence by the wonderful scene spread before us. We flashed to the bungalow, and to the Crotchet hikers, receiving their return signals very clearly. As for the rest, we told the "stay-at-homes" about it in our song later:

"We sat upon Monadnock
And rubbered at the view,
And when we finished looking 'round
We all came back to you —
We twenty-five, who took that hike."

A. B., '18



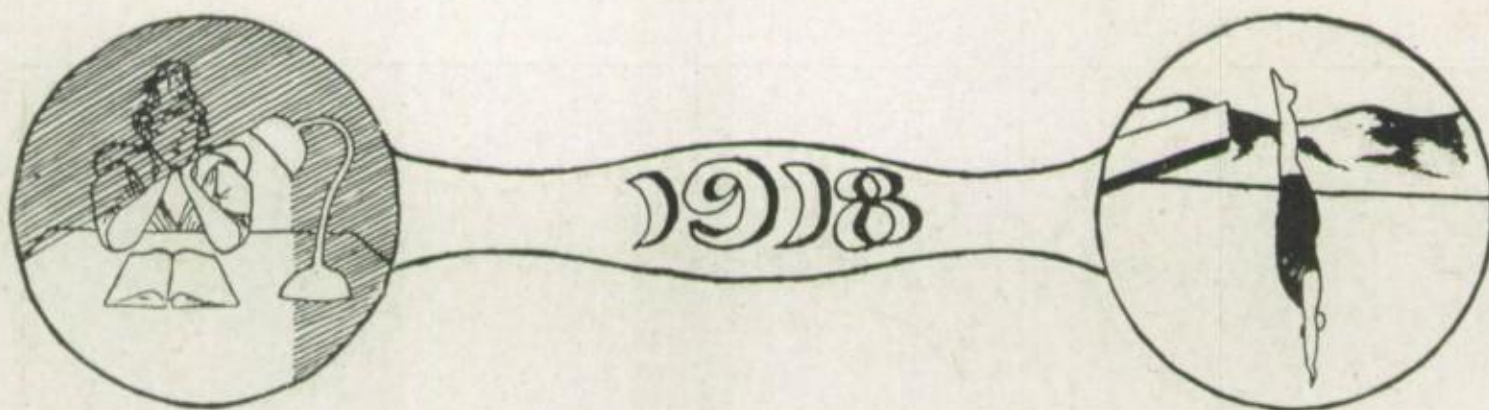


Skatutakee Hike

*"We climbed to the top and we circled around
Then sat on the damp, damp ground."*

SIX o'clock on a June morning at Camp. But alas! not the bright sun, the sparkling blue sky, and all the proverbial fixings, but in its stead a dull, damp, doubtful grayness overhung the Camp. We had signed up to go to Skatutakee and surely we were not going to let a little thing like the weather keep us from our first hike at Camp. So we got in line at the Senior Bungalow and off we started, Dr. Burnett in the lead, each girl with her lunch-box hung somewhere on her. Shortly it began to rain, and to rain in earnest. No gentle shower was this! A perfect deluge it was, and made those country roads so gooey that at every step the yellow mud oozed through our sneakers; still we marched bravely on, 'o'er hill and dale', till we came to a homey farmhouse with its huge wooden barn. Here we called a halt and most of us took a drink of the cool, clear well-water to sustain us on our hike up the mountainside, for as yet we had just reached the foot of Skatutakee.

Once more we started off — this time to make the top of the mountain. By now the mist had closed in around us and it was impossible to see any considerable distance ahead. But trusting to Dr. Burnett's experience we trudged bravely up the slippery sides of Skatutakee, stopping frequently to wonder whether or not we were on the right trail. It seemed to us that we had been hiking quite a long time up that rocky, narrow path, and finally we all gathered under a dripping maple to decide our course. Dr. Burnett admitted doubt, but urged us on with encouraging words till after much walking it dawned on one bright hiker that we were going in circles. Sure enough! Here we were back to the same old maple and its very presence proved that we were not on the top, for who ever heard of



a mountain-top with trees on it? So we marched a little farther and then sat down on the wet rocks to eat our lunches. Was lunch ever more welcome? Hardly, even though I didn't eat cheese and most of the other edibles contained in my water-soaked cardboard lunch-box. Now, however, the real fun began. Everyone was poking fun at her nearest companion and groups were gathering to compose songs to sing on the way home. The air was rent with discord and still we were as happy as larks. Now it was time to descend, and a merry time it was! Slip, slide, jump, or glide, they're all the same down a mountainside. At least; it was a quicker journey than coming up had been. We waded at times, but we sang all the same, and finally stumbled on a pretty, rambling farmhouse at the foot of the mountain. Here many of us stopped to get our equilibrium and to explore around till the rest of the party came up. Now for the final march to camp! Once more we were on the trodden road and saw the illuminating signposts directing our steps to camp. Our homeward journey was very lively, for it had stopped raining and our songs made the time fly.

A short distance from camp we all lined up and Miss Bergami and Dr. Burnett arranged us in a formation of J, in which we were to enter camp. It was a merry crowd of hikers that lock-stepped into camp to the tune of "Your pep! you've got it, now keep it, doggone it, don't lose it, your pep ——" and not one of us lost it till we tumbled into bed after the Camp Sing in the evening.

An Evening Hour

When sets the sun at the end of the day,
And Nature is calm, and peaceful, and still,
To the "Bung" the campers tread their way
To enjoy the evening hour within.

Friendships are formed, by the open fire,
Some dance the evening away.
Each spends the time to her heart's content,
'Til the gong marks the end of our play.

The bugle sounds with a loud lament,
And we all go to bed with a sigh,
Soon slumbering with perfect content,
While the pale moon keeps watch from on high.

E. L., '19



1918



A Camp If

If you can go out in the sun
When all the rest are sitting in the shade.
If you can go in swimming
When the water is so cold you're 'most afraid.
If you can jump, and run, and hurdle
Without a Charlie's gripping pain.
If you can do two hours of walking
And end with pep enough to go again.
If you can wait on table
And yet not spill a thing from soup to pie
Or get in late for breakfast
Past Mr. Schrader's eagle eye,
If you can gather 'round the open fire,
Hear others talk, yet hold your tongue all through
In any scandal-spreading there's to do.
If you can hike to Peterboro
And not spend all your money,
Then Sargent Camp's the very place for you!

E. G., '19

The Girl From Sargent Farm

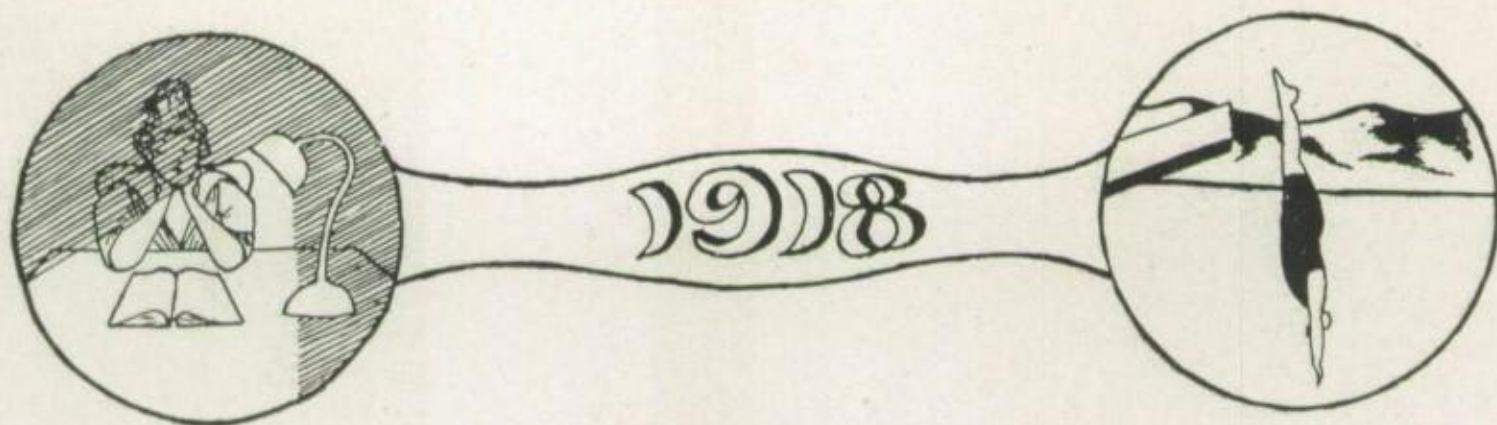
Oh, at night they gather round me, and I tell them of our farmers
In the country of the pine trees where the lake and mountains are,
And they listen to my stories, for my words seem like a charmer's,
Telling of the summer-time in Sargent Camp afar.

For I tell them of our camping, and the kiosks standing there,
Of the swimming and the hiking, of the lake and mountain track,
And I brag of crops and prices, record fields and harvests rare,
And I find myself a-thinking, "Sure, I wish that I was back."

And I tell when winter's over, how I'd hike for Sargent Camp,
And those other Sargent farmers, they are crazy to go too!
Oh, we'll live the old days over — back to our own fields we'll tramp,
And we'll get our tools in order, and we'll start to work anew.

For I've had my fill of idling, and I'm restless now to go,
For the Lake is yonder dreaming, and my kiosk's on the shore,
Oh, 'tis there the summer's longest, and the sunshine is aglow,
And I'll rest in Sargent Camp, and leave it nevermore!

Apologies to Service



The Mt. Crotchet Hike

WE ambitious Junior hikers of September, 1917, crept from our beds at an early hour, and dressed shiveringly. The mist still curled damply in the curves of the campus as we hurried to the Bungalow. No cheerful fire awaited us there, but delicious coffee and we swung off down the road in high spirits. It was fine to be up and off so early. The sun soon burned through the mists and promised us a perfect day. At the station the lunches were given out, stragglers rounded up and final instructions received. When the train drew up we took possession with careless abandon. Some improvident girls made inroads upon the well-prepared lunch-boxes. When we alighted from the train and started up a pretty country road we felt the hike had really begun. Various novel ways of carrying the lunch-boxes were soon evolved. We sang to several astonished farmers. Presently we turned off the main road and came out on the shore of a little lake. Here a halt was called for breakfast. We could see Mt. Crotchet looming up across the water and were too eager to delay very long. At last the delightful woods-road ended upon the highway. We turned down this and walked a couple of miles till a sudden turn in the road showed us Mt. Crotchet considerably behind us! Much chagrined, we retraced our steps, and after a last refreshing drink at a friendly well, started the real climb up. The path passed from field to woods and over rocks. Every now and then a halt was called. These breathing-times permitted us to enjoy the view gradually spreading out before us. The sun beat down very hotly. The trail grew steeper and steeper. Suddenly there was a cry from the leaders of the long, straggling line. Blueberries! The juicy berries were growing thickly all around. How good they tasted to our parched throats! A last struggle brought us to the summit. Several energetic souls ascended the fire-tower. Others asked only for rest. The whole party soon sought the lunch-boxes. After eating much more than was good for us we divided up into rival parties, each struggling to compose a song. We were most immodestly satisfied with our efforts and sang them lustily before starting the merry scramble down the mountain. The homeward route was different from the one we had come by and offered alluring prospects of passage through two villages and — ice cream! The afternoon brought clouds to the sky and we kept an anxious eye on the weather. The road was very dusty and interminably long. When we reached Bennington, we fairly raced down the street, how-



ever, toward the stores. Alas for our hopes! there was no ice cream. Other refreshments were purchased instead and we pushed on, much refreshed. A sign indicating that a bridge was down necessitated a detour. We almost lost our way, but reached Hancock at last. Here again we were doomed to disappointment. Only three early birds got ice cream. For the last homeward stretch we reformed into compact marching order. Cheering our way with songs and plans of an effective entrance to camp the last few miles swung off.

About six o'clock a long, straight line of fatigued but happy hikers swept across the campus and greeted the stay-at-homes with a new song. We then broke ranks for a hilarious supper. The evening ended with a moving-picture show, interspersed with songs, both from our party, and the Senior Monadnock hikers.

Prize Song—Lodge B

SEPTEMBER 1917

Now we've come to the end of our camping time,
And the closing time draws near,
When we bid farewell to the work we love,
And the friends that we hold so dear.
For we'll pitch our tents on another trail,
We know not where it may lie,
This life so free ends for you and me,
And "taps" means for us "good bye".

Yes, this is the end of our camping time,
As we sit round the blazing fire,
But our hopes leap up with the glowing flames
In tune with our hearts' desire.
Though the rosy embers may die away,
In memory they'll live o'er and o'er,
And loyalty true, dear Sargent, to you,
In our lives burns forever more.

A. B., '18



June Reports

The grades are on the 'port cards, and our hearts are in our shoes,
Because we're 'fraid to look and see how much we're going to lose.
It's been a month since "finals," — we wished we'd studied more.
But springtime's so inviting and lessons are such a bore.
I s'pose it's right to get up and work, but what if you are lazy?
It's awful to "plug" and "dig" away when everything is hazy.
If only we would just get by, an even C or D
But we've cut so many classes, we can't get more than T.
We've had one grand good time at camp, we've been so glad and free,
But yet, those marks are coming out, and that's what haunting me.
It's time for us to worry, and it's time to get the blues.
For the grades are on the 'port cards, and our hearts are in our shoes.

P. D. '19

About, about, in reel and rout,
The bug-lights danced at night;
The stu. g. came with silent tread,
And threw on us her light.

And every tongue, through utter fright,
Became quite still and numb;
We did not speak, no more than if
We had been stricken dumb.

F. W., '19

"Taps" — At Camp

At eight-thirty the sound rings across the empty campus to remind us that our day of work and fun is over. Since leaving the "Bungalow" at eight we have known it was coming, for every night, rain or shine, the sound of taps bids us good-night. On some nights it seems more an invitation to start out in search of mischief; at other times, when one is tired out, it comes as a summons to sleep. Best of all is when, on a moonlight, starlit night, one gazes out across the misty campus and listens as each note of the evening call comes to you, clear and distinct, as a benediction.

V. W., '19



My Swimming Test

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

When the Sargent campers return,
Take up their abode by the shores of Half Moon
Midst the woods with its flowers and ferns.

The swimming test is one of our joys,
Or rather, I'd say it was mine,
Tho' I always go in with a great deal of noise,
At swimming I never shall shine.

"It had to be did," so I bravely went in,
Not expecting to come out alive,
But I found I'd a teacher determined to win,
Who wanted to teach me to dive.

So after a water-soaked monthful of work,
In the mud of Half Moon Lake,
I really couldn't continue to shirk,
So the test I determined to take.

When I started to swim on that fateful day,
My goal seemed the English shore;
And I thought as I frantically paddled away
Of the days that were coming no more.

But I finally reached that little white post,
And started back with hopes,
For my goal was no longer the English coast,
But the wharf and surrounding ropes.

At last I arrived at that wonderful pier,
It never had looked so good;
Then remembered with scorn the awful fear
Which clutched me when there I'd last stood.

For now I could wear a lovely red cap,
I could paddle canoes and row boats,
I'd no longer swim, not even a lap,
For I'm not one who on swimming dotes.

But I'm thinking with pity of campers to come,
Who have yet to pass their test,
And I'm wishing them courage, luck, and then some,
To help them o'ercome this pest.

B. T., '19



1918



Campfire at September Camp

Stars were beginning to peep from the skies,
A moon shone bright in the heaven,
As across the campus, long and wide,
Came the girls, as the hour drew to seven.

There in the middle of that great broad field,
Like a wigwam of olden times,
Was piled a wealth of timber and brush
From which the flames leaped and climbed.

Up from the pile the bright sparks flew,
And seemed with the stars to mingle,
While crackling logs and roaring flames
Set each girl all atingle.

As the flames leaped high, a ruddy glow
Spread o'er the sun-tanned faces,
And voice after voice caught up the songs
Which echoed from distant places.

Hot dogs and marshmallows on long green sticks
Were held toward the heart of the fire,
And after each one had eaten her share,
To her kiosk or tent did retire.

A few still stayed by the embers' glow
And talked of times in the past,
Until, tired out by the events of the day,
They fell asleep at last.

And so the moon, shining down from above,
Spread out her rays like a lamp,
And watched o'er the girls as they slumbered there
On that last short night at Camp.

M. D., '19



Cabaret

1. OPENING CHORUS Waitresses
Hannah Schneider, head waitress
- CHORUS French Maids
2. DUET: "Ain't You Comin' Back to Dear Old Dixie Land?"
Dutch and Coulter
3. ORIENTAL DANCE "Gaby" Perrow
Guitar-ukulele accompaniment
4. RED CROSS VOLUNTEERS — Song and Dance Nurses and Sailors
5. COLLEGE YELLS — Harvard, Radcliffe, Princeton, Smith, Sargent
Claris Ritter, *Director*

"Cabare-e-et, Cabare-e-et, it's the only place to stay—" we agree. There is a blare of music and a blaze of light which discloses the bored faces of the millionaires at the nearest tables. Faultless evening dress is the rule. One "vamp," Miss Invertebrate, is especially noticeable as she is in the conventional slinky snakery blackness of Theda Bara — her favorite movie actress. Accompanying Miss Invertebrate is the French ambassador from Germany. He is distinguished chiefly by his resemblance to our thoughtful friend, the Kaiser.

"Cabare-e-et!" The opening chorus! Mah, Goodness, how that little head waitress can dance! Years of past experience certainly do tell. She even flirts in the most approved manner, and only smiles when she breaks the hearts of several loving wives. Well done, Miss Schneider.

Next comes the noted Dutch and Coulter Riding Habit Twins. Their velvet voices rise supreme in one sweet burst of melody, "Ain't yo' comin' back—" "Will say so!"

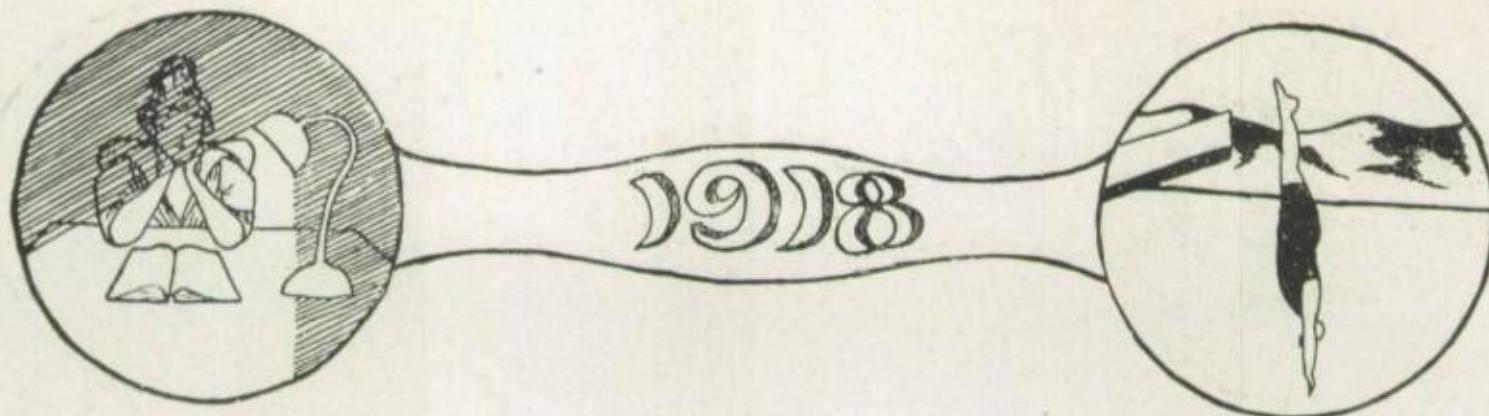
"Gaby's" act is a triumph even for "Gaby," who is hardened to renown. Her dancing is a new thrill for the jaded pleasure seeking audience. They even cease eating long enough to watch her.

With so many Red Cross Volunteers it is easily seen that the Germans haven't a chance. We only wish that "Dunc" had "volunteered" sooner, for a solo by her is the only thing lacking. Soldiers complain that the uniforms issued to them never fit, but who ever outfitted our sailor volunteers had a good eye for fit, that's sure.

The sweet, young Harvard youth receives a mighty reception, as he always does at Sargent. All the yells are peppery but the girl with the yellow tie starts one which leads all others.

Another burst of music and laughter, dancing till daybreak to music by the All America Jazz Band, and then the purr of limousines as the happy party disbands. Good-bye, Cabaret!

V. W., '19



June Camp—Swimming Meet

CANOE RACES

SINGLES — T. Woods. Time 1 min. 56 1-5 sec.

DOUBLES — M. Woods, M. Miller. Time 1 min. 32 sec.

Plunge — Won by Juniors

Swimming relay race — Won by Juniors

25-yard side stroke — A. Kean

25-yard back stroke — A. Kean

25-yard crawl — M. Woods

25-yard fewest number of strokes — M. Woods

200-yard swim — A. Kean

INDIVIDUAL SWIMMING AND DIVING —

Won by M. Woods, 54 points

CLASS SWIMMING AND DIVING —

Seniors Won diving

Juniors Won swimming

September Camp—Crew Races

FIRST SENIOR CREW

DREW (Capt.)

SAWYER

TEBBUTT

NORTHEY

DACAMARA

MACGREGOR

CURRIER

DOLEMAN

CARLING (Cox)

FIRST JUNIOR CREW

MULFORD (Capt.)

MURAN

MACFARLAND

PORTER

COE

WOODS

OWEN

COULTER

HARMON (Cox)

Won by Seniors. Time 1 min. 40³/₄ sec.

SECOND CREW RACE — Won by Seniors, 1 min. 42 sec.

THIRD CREW RACE — Won by Seniors, 1 min. 45 2-5 sec.

FOURTH CREW RACE — Won by Seniors, 1 min. 43 2-5 sec.



TRACK MEET

75 yard dash — L. Heath. Time 10 sec.

Basketball throw — J. Fotheringham. 80 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Baseball throw — M. Carey. 218 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. New world's record.

Low hurdles — A. Cameron. 16 sec.

Hurl ball — E. MacDougall. 64 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Shotput — M. Miller. 33 ft. 1 3-8 in.

Hop, step, jump — E. Geran. 30 ft. 7 in.

High hurdles — L. Bruce. 12 2-5 sec.

Javelin — R. Reidel. 76 ft. 5 in.

Broad jump — E. Geran. 13 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

High jump — E. Wright. 3 ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

INDIVIDUAL TRACK AND FIELD ACTIVITIES —

Won by M. Carey, 32 points

CLASS FIELD, TRACK AND WATER ACTIVITIES —

Seniors 298 2-3 points

Juniors 119 1-3 points



JUNIOR CREW



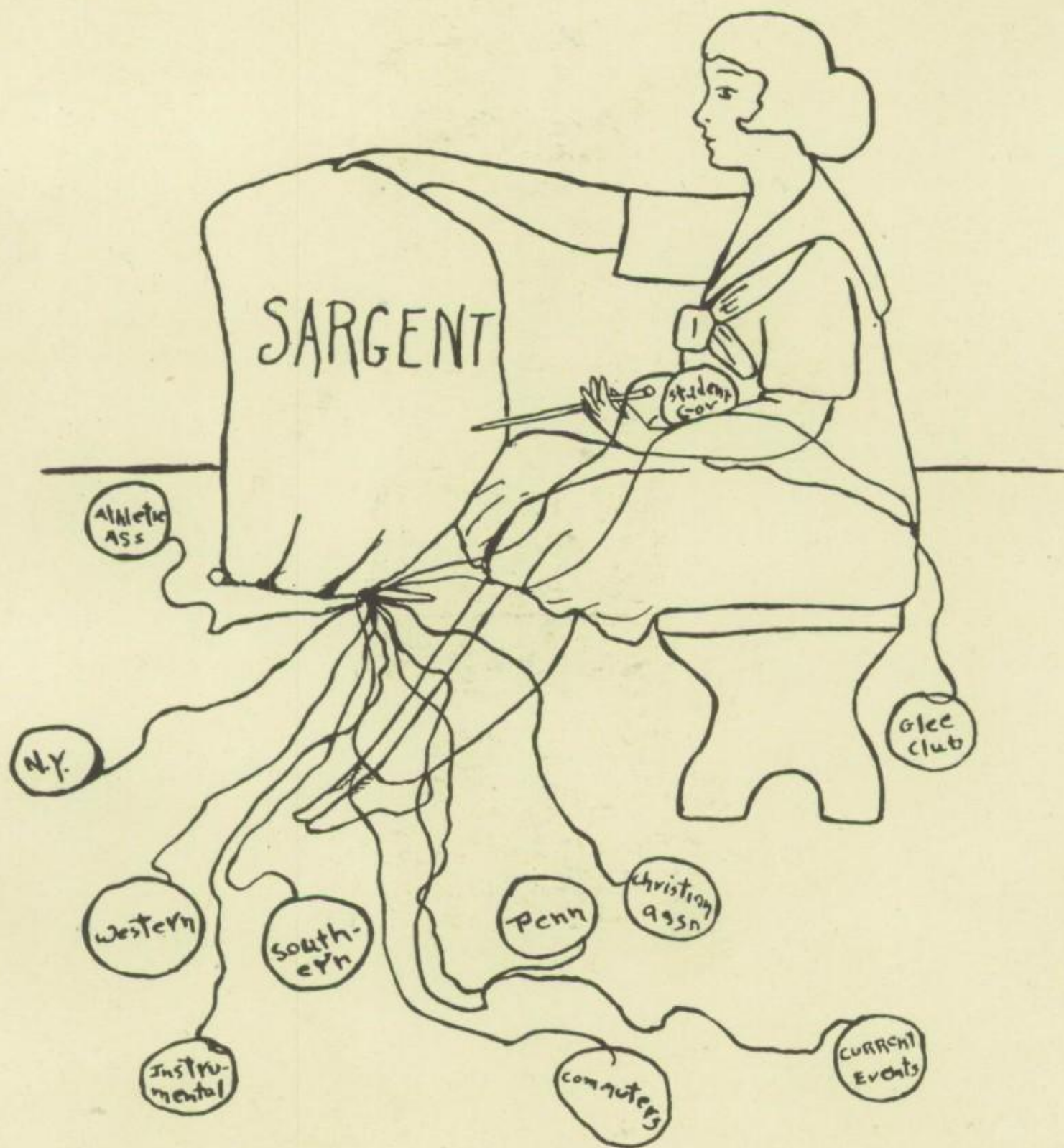
World's Champion—Baseball Throw

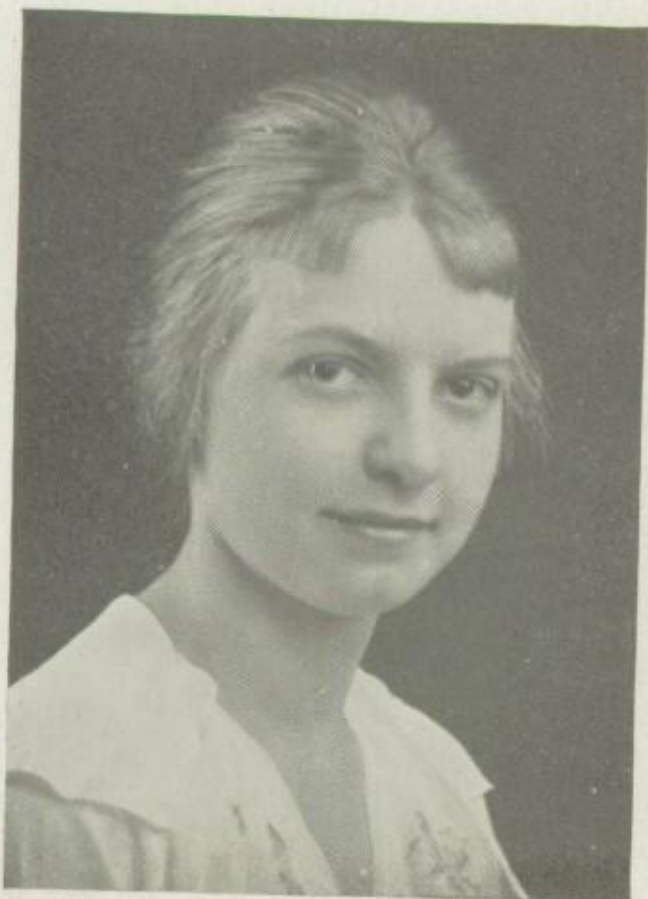


Martha Washington Carey broke the world's record baseball throw for women at September camp, throwing 219 feet, $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

"Carey" is one of the most athletic members of the Junior class, making Varsity teams in hockey and basketball, and all class teams at camp, besides winning the inter-class athletic meet at camp in September.

CLUBS





Student Government Officers

President

LEONORE IVEY

Vice-President

MARGARET MACGREGOR

Treasurer

MARGARET MULHOLLAND

Secretary

MARJORY DARROW



Student Government

THE Student Government Association entered upon its duties in October under unusual circumstances, due to war conditions. In some ways the rules have been more lenient than in previous years, and in some ways more severe. The rule was made that no girl should be allowed out of her dormitory after six o'clock on week-day nights. This has been kept in a faithful and sportsmanly way by the girls.

At Camp there was a new ruling: the vice-president of the Senior Class, the President of the Christian Association, the captains of all varsity teams, and the manager of varsity basket ball, became members of the Association. The Council has worked well and we feel that in the majority of cases the girls have shown respect to those members who have the difficult task of enforcing the rules made by the school.

The custom of holding open meetings one morning a week during assembly, which was started last year, has been continued and we believe has proven most helpful. Any rules not understood by the girls are explained, questions may be asked, and the girls are reminded that they are part of the organization, thus being brought into closer relationship with the Student Council.

Formerly, when girls had their names reported for breaking rules, or disorder in class, they have been given several chances before any action was taken in regard to them. This year it was decided that it was best to act more quickly. No definite number of chances are given. As soon as it is clear that a certain girl is causing trouble in the classroom, her name is reported in the office and she is suspended indefinitely from the classroom. The responsibility for correct costume in the practice classes is in the hands of the Student Council. There is less strictness of dress on the street, while a neat appearance is emphasized.

The House Councillors have acted as advisors to the girls in the dormitories and in that way have helped the matrons and the association.

The association has made an effort to make the girls feel their own responsibility more and more, and if some are bound to break rules, to learn to take the consequences in a sportsmanlike way. Always, the aim is to raise the standard of the school, and we hope that the results of this year may be one more step towards a more perfect organization; with every girl an active member, working shoulder to shoulder with the Council and Faculty to uphold the honor of Sargent School.



1918



Student Government Council

FIRST SEMESTER

Freshmen

Mildred Black
Anna Belle Chaffin
Catherine Weller
Leslie Perkins

Juniors

Anne Kean
Bertha Muran
Irene Lauer
Pearl Dutch
Olive Thacher

Seniors

Louise Heath
Emma Murry
Mabel Miller
Sara Muchert
Katherine Tebbut
Florence Rowley

SECOND SEMESTER

Freshmen

Marian Linton
Erica Mather
Louise Meyer
Mathilde McLelland

Juniors

Ebba Holteen
Helen Camp
Bernice Taylor
Roberta Coulter

Seniors

Edna Carling
Verna Medenwald
Lillian Kamsky
Ruth Eaton
Priscilla Coe



Christian Association Officers

LOUISE HEATH, *President*

MARY MULFORD, *Vice-President*

THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION has had this year the privilege of initiating Red Cross work at the school. Nearly every week there have been meetings on regular evenings. Wool for knitting has been distributed.

On Monday afternoons a number of girls have gone to the Cambridge Red Cross and made surgical dressings. This patriotic work has not interfered with the usual activities of the Association.

New students were met upon arrival and made to feel at home. The Freshman Tea in October was a very pleasant social occasion. We shall have to work hard if we are to excel last year's results.

Athletic Association Officers

President — Verna Medenwald

Vice-President — Anne Kean

Secretary-Treasurer — Elise Nelson

Business Manager — Anna Cameron

Assistant Secretary-Treasurer — Martha Carey

Assistant Business Manager — Clara Perley

ATHLETICS





The Athletic Association

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, as its name implies, deals with all competitions of both the school, and camp life, and for this reason is one of the most important units of our school. This association has grown quietly and considerably, because each year the board feels bound to attempt new things, and added new duties to its list.

This year the Association has tried to raise the standard of the school, and also to promote greater team spirit. The former was accomplished by revising one of its by-laws in such a way that no one would be able to play on a first-class team, unless she had a passing grade in all but one subject; also, by adding another by-law which reads as follows: "Substitutes for a higher team must be taken from the team below. After having played either two-thirds or one-half games, or their equivalent in time, the player may not play on any lower team." The latter was accomplished by having five class teams in lacrosse, and eight class teams in both hockey and soccer. This gave everyone a chance to make some team, and to realize the feeling of team play.

The annual camp swimming meet was held the last week of June instead of September. The last week of September camp was devoted to the track and field meet, plus the interclass games of hockey and soccer. There were sixteen games of hockey and seventeen games of soccer played off,—the hockey games having two 20-minute halves, and the soccer games three 15-minute periods.

As the board has always been heartily supported by the school, we feel certain that the Association will continue to grow as it has in the past. Through this Association we learn the true meaning of our school motto, "Service and Loyalty", and for this reason every girl should feel proud, and duty-bound to be a member of the Athletic Association of the Sargent School for Physical Education.

A. A. C., '18, *Business Manager*



Wearers of the “S”

HOCKEY

V. MEDENWALD, '18
M. MACGREGOR, '18
R. NEWMAN, '18
M. WEEDEN, '18
B. SAWYER, '18
L. STRULLER, '18

J. FOTHERINGHAM, '18
M. MILLER, '18
G. KELLOGG, '19
M. CRAWLEY, '19
M. CAREY, '19
E. BLOODGOOD '19

E. CARLING, '18

BASKETBALL

E. CARLING, '18
R. DREW, '18
R. NEWMAN, '18
M. CAREY, '19

M. WEEDEN, '18
I. SZANIK, '18
M. MILLER, '18
R. EATON, '18

V. MEDENWALD, '18

TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

M. MILLER, '18

FOUR SETS OF NUMERALS

V. BALTHASAR, '19
G. PERKINS, '19
E. MACDOUGALL, '19
M. MILLER, '18
D. PURCELL, '18

R. DREW, '18
L. STRULLER, '18
B. SAWYER, '18
K. DACAMARA
R. NEWMAN

SWIMMING MEET

MARGARET WOOD, '19

DIVING

M. BENNIS, '18



1918



TRACK MEET

M. CAREY, '19

INDIVIDUAL GYM MEET

ANNAH CAMERON, '18

TENNIS TEAM

M. MILLER, '18

D. PURCELL, '18

Stars

HOCKEY

E. CARLING, '18

M. MILLER, '18

J. FOTHERINGHAM, '18

M. MACGREGOR, '18

R. NEWMAN, '18

DIVING

M. BENNIS, '18

TENNIS

M. MILLER, '18

D. PURCELL, '18

NUMERALS

E. CARLING, '18

J. FOTHERINGHAM, '18

*Stars given for two S's in same event, or eight sets of numerals.

Wearers of Numerals

HOCKEY

D. Purcell, '18

M. Weeden, '18

L. Struller, '18

E. Desmond, '18

E. Carling, '18

B. Sawyer, '18

J. Fotheringham, '18

E. Murry, '18

M. Miller, '18

M. MacGregor, '18

R. Drew, '18

B. Muran, '19

M. Crawley, '19

H. Smedley, '19

G. Kellogg, '19

H. Camp, '19

G. Perkins, '19

V. Balthasar, '19

M. Carey, '19

M. McDonald

E. MacDougall

H. Riddell

R. Newman, '18



M. Weeden, '18
 L. Struller, '18
 D. Purcell, '18
 M. Miller, '18
 E. Murry, '18
 E. Carling, '18
 J. Fotheringham, '18
 L. Heath, '18
 T. Pressl, '18
 R. Newman, '18
 V. Medenwald, '18

M. Carey, '19
 M. Crawley, '19
 B. Muran, '19
 G. Perkins, '19
 R. Reidel, '20
 V. Balthasar, '19
 D. Nye, '19
 M. McDonald, '19
 E. MacDougall, '19
 E. Taylor, '19
 M. Owen, '19

L. Nicholson, '18

CREW

B. Sawyer, '18
 M. MacGregor, '18
 K. Tebbitt, '18
 D. Currier, '18
 R. Northey, '18
 R. Drew, '18
 K. DaCamara, '18
 E. Doleman, '18

E. MacFarland, '19
 B. Muran, '19
 M. Mulford, '19
 B. Porter, '19
 C. Woods, '19
 M. Owen, '19
 R. Coulter, '19
 M. Harmon, '19

E. Carling, '18

WALL SCALING

L. Bruce, '18
 E. McEwen, '18
 A. Flinn, '18
 L. Brown, '18
 K. DaCamara, '18
 C. Moore, '18
 E. Carling, '18
 A. Cameron, '18
 D. Currier, '18
 H. Wood, '18
 L. Chandler, '18
 M. Weeden, '18

L. DeNormandie, '19
 G. Perrow, '19
 A. Newcomb, '19
 C. Ritter, '19
 D. Nye, '19
 G. Perkins, '19
 E. Squier, '19
 E. MacFarland, '19
 I. Merrill, '19
 N. Marshall, '19
 V. Balthasar, '19
 G. Vail, '19



SWIMMING MEET

Second Place — A. Kean, '19

DIVING

Second Place — K. DaCamara, '18

TRACK MEET.

Second Place — J. FOTHERINGHAM, '18

E. MAC DOUGALL, '19

LA CROSSE.

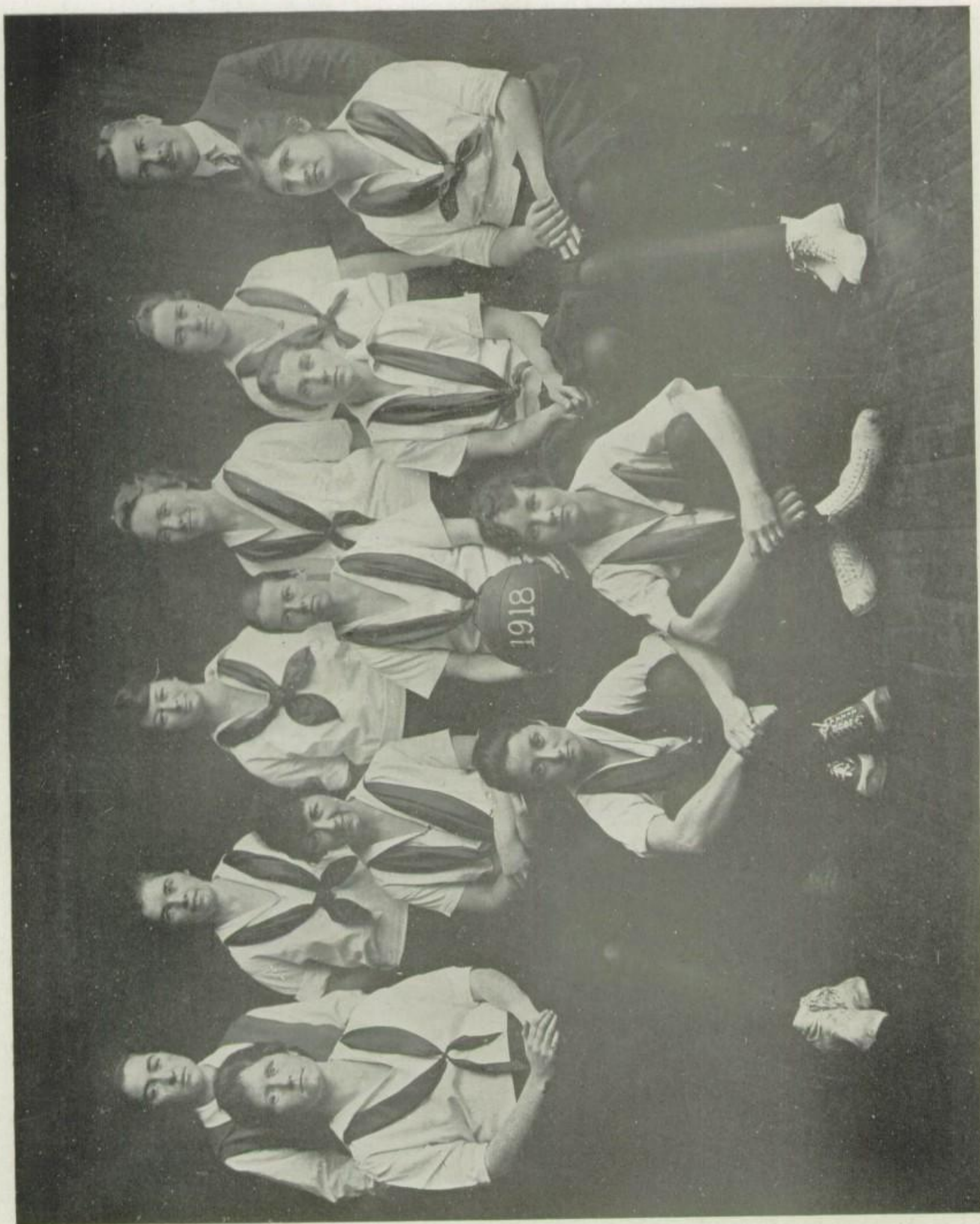
E. CARLING, '18
K. TEBBITT, '18
M. WEEDEN, '18
D. PURCELL, '18
J. FOTHERINGHAM, '18
R. DREW, '18
R. NEWMAN, '18
M. MACGREGOR
C. HUMRICHOUSER, '18
F. MARTIN, '18
V. MEDENWALD, '18
C. PERLEY, '19

G. PERKINS, '19
M. CAREY, '19
V. BALTHASAR, '19
M. MILLER, '19
E. MACDOUGALL, '19
M. McDONALD, '19
H. RIDDELL, '19
M. NEUBECK, '19
D. FLECK, '19
M. HARMON
E. KNUTSON, '19
O. ILER, '19

Basketball Tournament

THE Basketball Tournament, which was organized last year for the purpose of giving every girl in school an opportunity to become thoroughly familiar with the game, proved such a success that it was decided to adopt the same scheme for this year. Since the demand for capable coaches is steadily increasing, the tournament offered a splendid opportunity for the Seniors, not only to coach, but also to officiate in the games when they were played.

The committee, consisting of Florence Martin, Sylvia Mann, Helen Wood, Agnes Flinn, Margaret MacGregor, Bawita Lawler, Anna Cameron, Virginia Kennedy and Dora Sharp, was chosen to take charge of the tournament and organize the teams. The Junior and Freshman classes were each divided into twenty teams. Seniors were assigned to each of these teams, to coach them and teach them the rules of the game. Every team was scheduled to play ten games, making two hundred games in all. Records were kept of each game, and a final score-sheet comparing the results of the various games was made. Freshman Team XVII received the highest percentage.



VARSITY BASKETBALL

BASKET



BALL

Harsity Team

Forwards

Carey
Eaton
M. Miller

Centers

Szanik
Weeden
Carling (*Captain*)
Medenwald

Guards

Drew
Newman

SQUAD

Greenburg
Sawyer
Hunt

Perkins

McEwen
Nye
Wilcox

Edna Carling, *Captain*

Priscilla Coe, *Manager*

SCHEDULE

Dec.	15.	Sargent vs. Winchester H. S., at Winchester.....	23—	36
Jan.	16.	Sargent vs. Winchester H. S., at Sargent.....	28—	14
	23.	Sargent vs. Melrose H. S., at Melrose.....	27—	8
	26.	Sargent vs. Cushing Academy, at Cushing.....	95—	3
Feb.	20.	Sargent vs. Malden, at Malden.....	35—	9
	27.	Sargent vs. Posse, at Posse.....	23—	7
Mar.	2.	Sargent vs. Cushing Academy, at Sargent.....	109—	0
	6.	Sargent vs. Malden, at Sargent.....	39—	9
	7.	Sargent vs. Melrose, at Melrose.....	43—	12
	9.	Sargent vs. Radcliffe, at Sargent.....	39—	25
	20.	Sargent vs. Posse, at Sargent.....	44—	8
Totals.....			505—	131



VARSITY HOCKEY

HOC



KEY

MABEL MILLER, CAPTAIN.

HOCKEY was the most popular sport in September camp. The Seniors were successfully coached by Miss Gasgoigne; the Juniors by Miss Condon. Eight teams were chosen from each class, every team playing three games. The Seniors were victorious in the entire contest.

Varsity was chosen from the first teams of both Junior and Senior Classes, with Mabel Miller as captain. Miss Lewis coached the team through a very successful season with every game except one, a victory for Sargent, that one being a tie with Milton Academy.

Varsity Hockey Team

C. F., Crawley

R. I., Struller

L. I., Weeden

R. O., Carling

L. O., Kellogg

C. H. B., Miller, (*Capt.*)

R. H. B., Carey

L. H. B., Fotheringham

R. F. B., MacGregor

L. F. B., Medenwald

G., Newman

Sub F. B. Bloodgood

SCHEDULE, 1918

			Sargent Opponents	
Oct.	31.	Sargent vs. Milton Academy, at Milton	4	4
Nov.	3.	Sargent vs. Lexington, at Lexington	7	1
	10.	Sargent vs. Radcliffe, at Radcliffe	7	0
Nov.	16.	Sargent vs. Posse, at Riverside	9	0
	20.	Sargent vs. Radcliffe, at Radcliffe	5	4
	24.	Sargent vs. Wheaton, at Wheaton	11	2
Dec.	14.	Sargent vs. Milton Ac. at Milton	6	1



TENNIS TEAM

TEN



NIS

BERYL SAWYER, *Captain*

THE annual tennis tournament, managed by Annah Cameron, started October 26th. The weather was exceptionally fine for tennis, and much enthusiasm was shown by each class.

The Semi-Finals were played between M. Carey, a Junior, and M. Miller, a Senior. This proved to be the most exciting, and interesting match of the entire tournament. After a hard fought battle, M. Miller won the match, 7-9, 6-1, 6-3.

The Finals, in singles, was between M. Crawley, a Junior, and Mabel Miller — won by Miller, 6-2, 6-1, who was awarded for the second time, the championship of the school.

The Finals in doubles was played between two Senior teams—Struller-Weeden and Purcell-Miller. The match was won by Purcell and Miller, 6-1, 6-4.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL SQUAD



FRESHMAN BASKETBALL SQUAD



BASKETBALL

CLASS TEAMS

SENIOR (squad)

*D. Purcell (Captain)
 *B. Sawyer
 *J. Fotheringham
 *L. Heath
 *D. Bowman
 *L. Chandler
 *C. Clayton
 *C. Humrichouser
 L. Nicholson
 A. O'Brien
 *M. MacComisky

JUNIOR (squad)

M. Crawley
 *M. McDonald
 *E. Taylor
 *B. Taylor
 *V. Balthasar
 *H. Smedley
 M. Kendall
 E. Bloodgood
 *C. Perley (Captain)
 *M. Mulford

FRESHMAN (squad)

*J. Schmid (Captain)
 *I. Lehr
 *L. Dunham
 *E. Turner
 *L. Bowers

*L. Meyers
 *H. Schoenburg
 *C. Weller
 *M. Heffelfinger
 *M. Sprague

*M. Wilcox

*Wearers of numerals

INTER-CLASS GAMES

April 8.	Juniors vs. Freshmen	29—21
April 10.	Juniors vs. Seniors	12—13
April 11.	Freshmen vs. Seniors	20—8
April 15.	Juniors vs. Freshmen	16—24
April 22.	Seniors vs. Freshmen	22—17
April 23.	Juniors vs. Seniors	16—17
April 24.	Juniors vs. Freshmen	25—15
April 26.	Seniors vs. Freshmen	8—20

SENIORS	800 points
JUNIORS	400
FRESHMEN	334

Senior team awarded 1918 championship



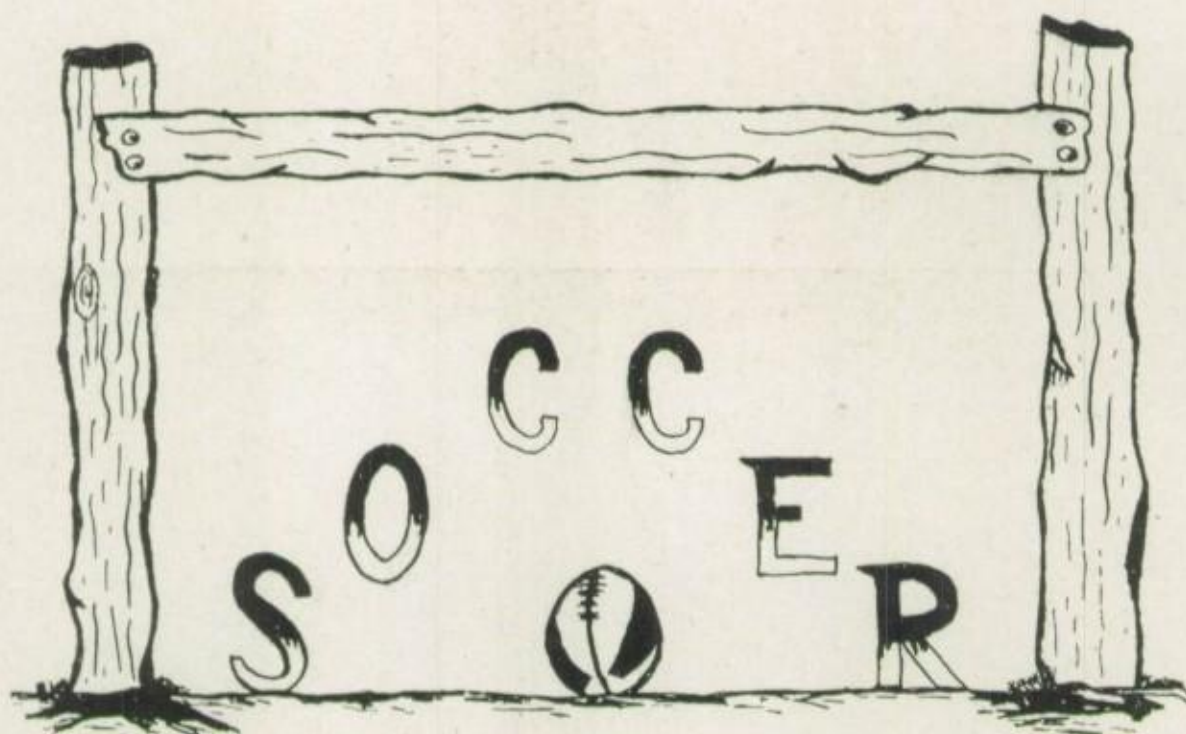
SENIOR BASKETBALL SQUAD



SENIOR SOCCER TEAM



JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM



SOCCER divides with hockey the honors of September camp. The low thermometer helped put a lot of pep into our fall games if that could possibly be lacking when we had two such enthusiastic coaches as Miss Marshall and Miss Lewis. The Juniors were duly taught the mysteries of bouncing soccer balls on the head and kicking at that elusive sphere. The Seniors were promoted to the senior soccer field and were quickly knocked into fine form by Miss Marshall.

The devotees of hockey come into their own at fall camp. The ground was very fast the whole month. Miss Gascoigne and Miss Condon, Senior and Junior coaches, pushed the teams along as fast as they could learn the rules. The Juniors were drilled in the evil of making "sticks" until they scarcely dared to cross the campus with hockey sticks above the shoulder.

In the games of the final week of camp the Seniors should take the advantage of an extra year of training and come out ahead. The games were, nevertheless, very hotly contested and the rooters on the side line were "fed up" on excitement.

Here is to a long series of September camps!

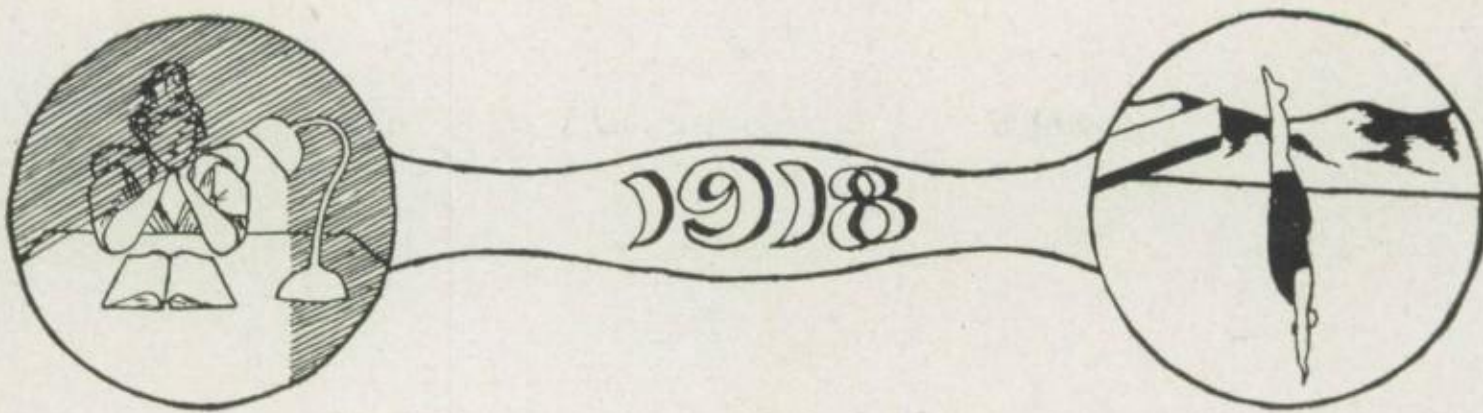


SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM





Individual Meet

THE Annual Individual Meet was held in the lower gymnasium, May 3rd, under the auspices of the Athletic Association. There were three entries from the Senior class, four from the Junior, and three from the Freshman, making a total of ten entries. The events were as follows:—a set exercise on the horse, parallels, ring and a free-arm exercise, each girl having an original exercise in each event. The meet closed with a swinging-rope jump for height.

Annah Cameron, '18, carried off first place with 99 1-3 points, thereby winning the "S". Elva MacDougall, '19, 45 2-3 points, and K. Weller, '20, 93 2-3 points, came in second and third respectively, each winning numerals. Fourth place was won by B. Muran, '19, 85 points, and fifth by K. DaCamara, '18, 81 2-3 points.

The entire meet proved to be a great success, as it showed great skill and ability on the part of each contestant.

Arena

THE exhibition at the Arena in Boston was held on the evening of May 18th, and will be well remembered by each individual as the thrilling event of the term. The performance went off with exceptional snap and vigor, far excelling the exhibitions of past years. The success of the performance was due to the wonderful co-operation and enthusiasm of both faculty and student body. A collection was taken for the benefit of the Cambridge Red Cross.



WALL SCALING

Right Wing, Freshmen, vs. Left Wing, Juniors.

1. J. Brown
2. D. Yates
3. A. Lang
4. M. Wilcox
5. E. Roundtree
6. M. P. Dean

Time — 20 seconds.

1. L. De Normandié
2. G. Perrow
3. A. Newcomb
4. C. Ritter
5. D. Nye
6. G. Perkins

Time — 23 seconds.

Left Wing, Freshmen, vs. Right Wing, Seniors.

1. R. Reidel
2. C. Weller
3. M. Heffelfinger
4. A. B. Chaffin
5. M. Brown
6. H. Smith

Time — 24 seconds

1. L. Bruce
2. E. McEwen
3. A. Flinn
4. L. Brown
5. K. Da Camara
6. C. Moore

Time — 21 1-5 seconds

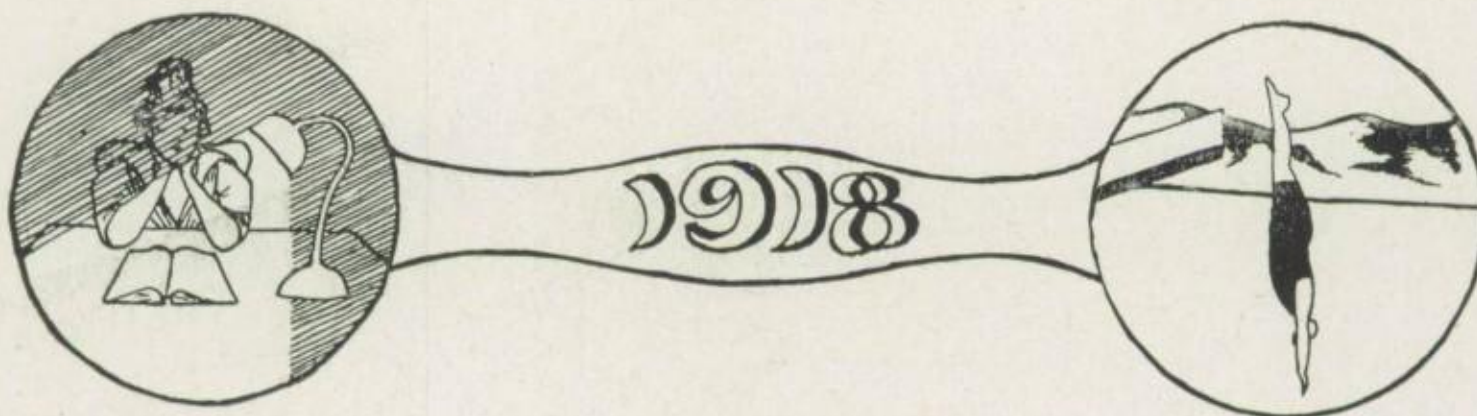
Left Wing, Seniors, vs. Right Wing, Juniors.

1. E. Carling
2. A. Cameron
3. D. Currier
4. H. Wood
5. L. Chandler
6. M. Weeden

Time — 20 seconds

1. E. Squier
2. E. MacFarland
3. I. Merrill
4. N. Marshall
5. V. Balthasar
6. G. Vail

Time — 24 seconds



Christmas Meet Results

In the middle of cold December,
Was held the Xmas meet;
When forty from each of the classes
Were ready in stunts to compete.

Vaulting the buck came first,
One point at least for all;
The Seniors were always in danger
Of having a terrible fall !

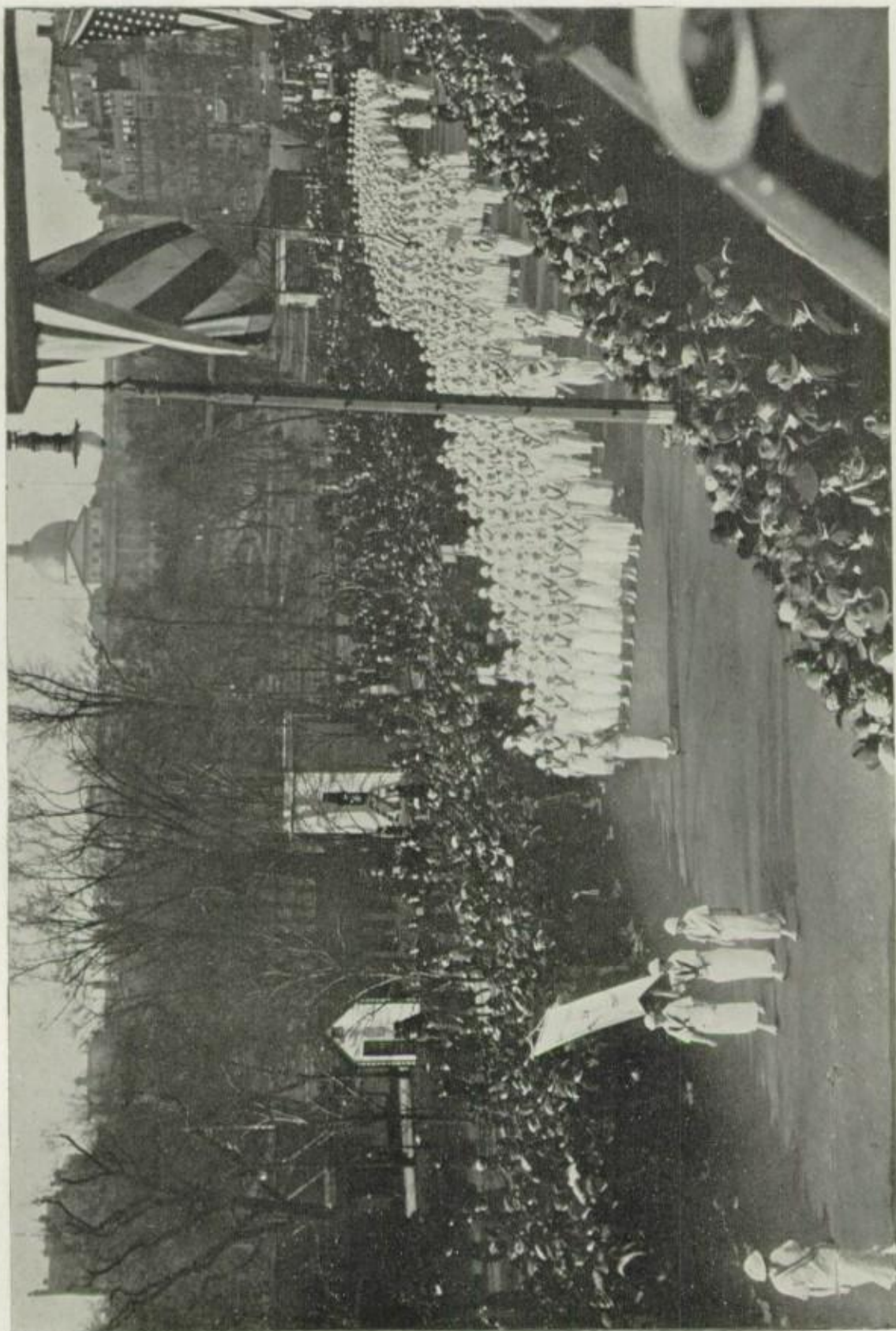
After the buck came the ropes,
Excitement reigned supreme;
While the Senior color was hung,
High on the upright beam !

Third came a race for "spuds,"
Spectators thought it a bore;
But soon the event was over,
And the Juniors led the score.

Wall scaling is right up to date,
Girls learn to go "over the top!"
Here the Seniors were quickest,
Their scoring nothing could stop.

At last the scores were added,
The order was upside down;
Freshman, Senior, and Junior,
The youngest had won renown !

Events	Seniors	Juniors	Freshmen
Vaulting over buck (3 heights)—.....	121	191	257
Rope Climbing, (time)	138	96	124
Potato Race	138	146	126
Wall Scaling	60	12	36
Total	457	445	543



THIRD LIBERTY LOAN PARADE



Third Liberty Loan Parade April 19 and 27

THE Woman's Division in the third Liberty Loan Parade was completed by the Sargent School. This unit was composed of 325 girls, clad in white middie uniforms, with yellow ties, under the leadership of Miss Mildred Lewis.

The girls were formed in military order, the company being divided into two platoons, commanded by Louise Heath, and Mary Mulford, respectively.

Owing to the fact that a band was not within hearing distance, the marching did not reach the usual standard. In many ways the parade was discouraging, but the girls showed excellent spirit, and in all ways upheld the standard of the school.

On Saturday, April 27, Cambridge held a big parade of its own. The Sargent School again demonstrated its patriotic enthusiasm by turning out in large numbers, headed this time, by a band. There were many flattering remarks on the appearance and marching of the girls by both military and civil spectators.

The Commuter's Club



President — ELLEN L. LEINONEN

Vice President — EVELYN P. JACKSON

Secretary — BESSIE A. RICE

Treasurer — LOUISE M. PFEIFFER

MEMBERS

SALLY ALLEN

MARJORIE BROWN

GLADYS BURNS

HILDA COHEN

ELSIE DOLEMAN

MARY FORD

ALTA GRUNDBERG

EVELYN JACKSON

KATHERINE KIRVAN

ELLEN LEINONEN

MABEL MACLEOD

SUSAN MURRAY

FRANCES NELSON

IRENE O'NEILL

ETHEL PIERCY

LOUISE PFEIFFER

BESSIE RICE

DORIS RUGGLES

RAGNA TRONDSEN

THE BLACK MASQUE

AT the end of its first season the English Club is an assured success. Two numbers of the Sargent Quarterly have already been produced by the members, with Marjory Darrow as Editor-in-Chief. Several plays have been discussed, and a social good time enjoyed by all.

ROBERTA WEALTHY COULTER, *President*

EVA PACK, *Secretary-Treasurer*

JENNIE B. WILSON

HAZEL V. PARIS

ELISE DODGE

MARJORY DARROW

MILDRED HARMON

EMMA ABEL

MARY OWEN

GRACE HARTE

BERTHA J. MURAN

JULIA E. LANCASTER

HANNAH BERTUCH

RUTH BAXTER

BERNICE TAYLOR

VIRGINIA WORMAN

GLADYS BELL

LOIS BAYLEY

JOSEPHINE COX

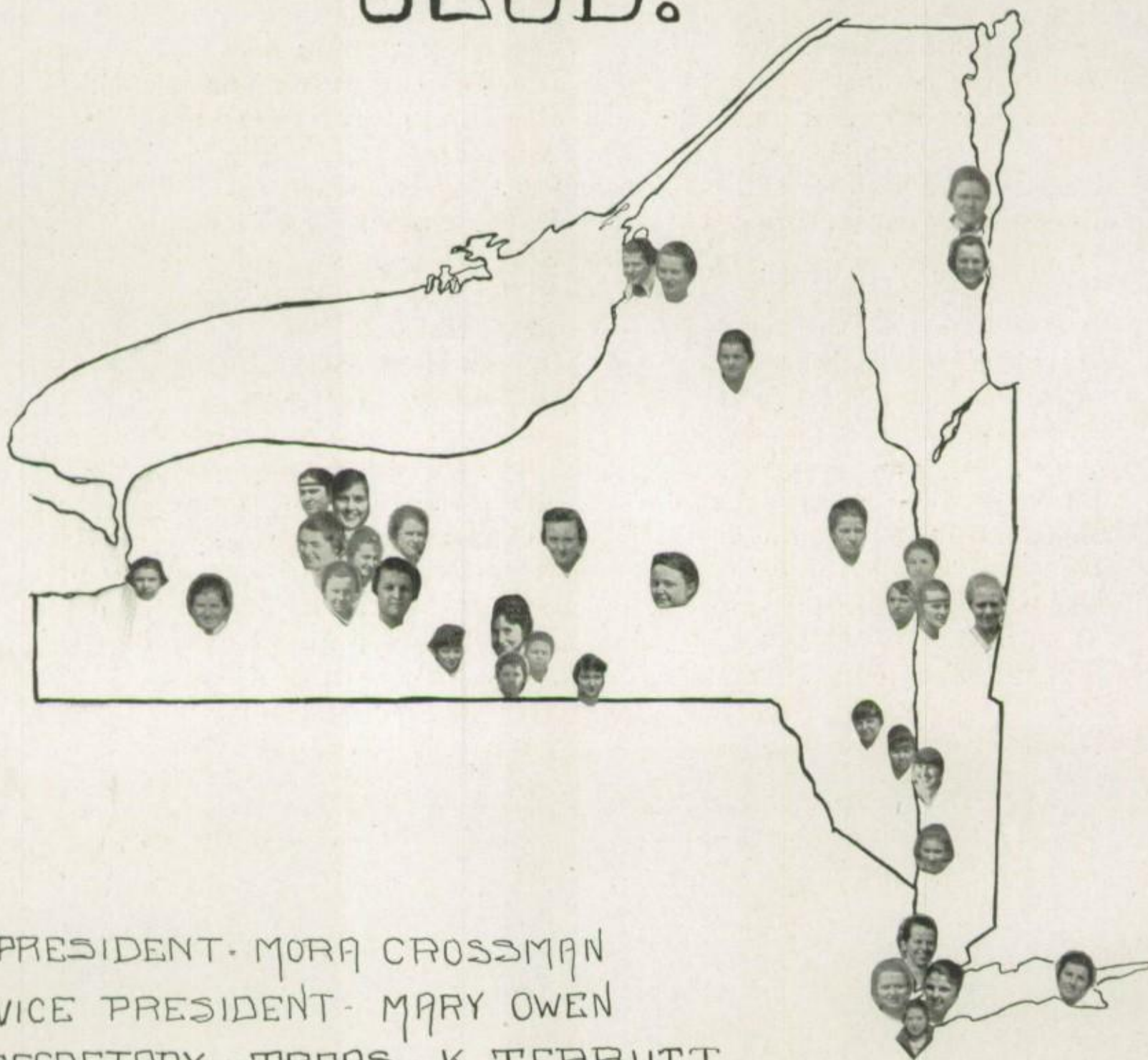
ELIZABETH STEVENS

NELLA MARSHALL

ETHEL P. WOODS



EMPIRE STATE CLUB.



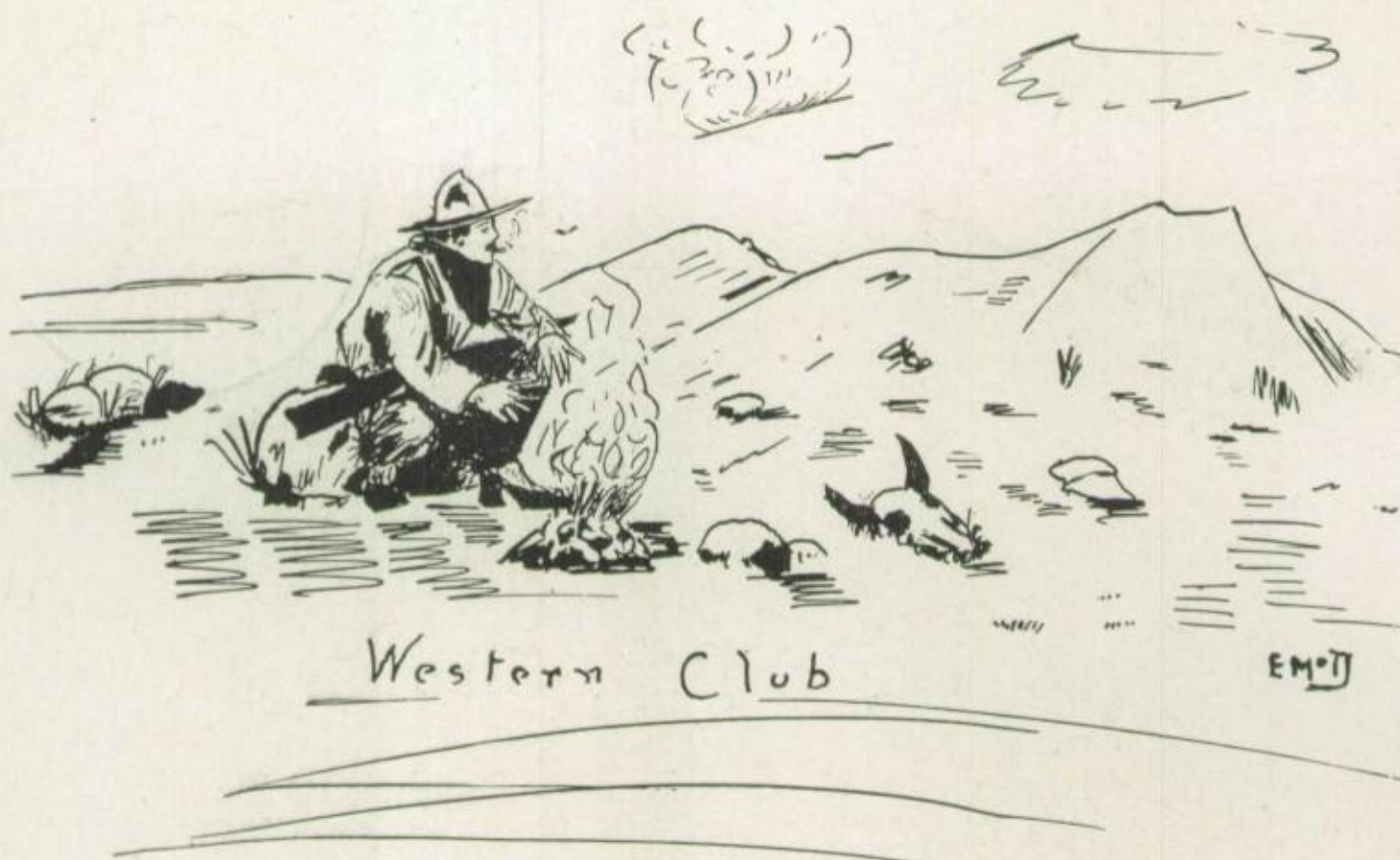
PRESIDENT - MORA CROSSMAN
VICE PRESIDENT - MARY OWEN
SECRETARY + TREAS - K. TEBBUTT



Empire State Club

HELEN SNIDER, Ithaca
KATHLENE BEMENT, Buffalo
KATHERINE BOWMAN, Lowville
MORA CROSSMAN, Dolgeville
FRANCES ELDRIDGE, Cobleskill
ELIZABETH FARBER, Brooklyn
M. ELIZABETH GRAVES, Union Springs
BEATRICE HAWLEY,
BESSIE GORDON, Amsterdam
HELEN HOWELL, Ithaca
MARY HOLTON, Middleport
SARA LAUDERDALE, Geneseo
LOUISE MEYERS, New York
FRANCES MCGUIRE, Binghamton
MARY MULFORD, Hampton, L. I.
DOROTHY NYE, Cortland
ESTHER O'CONNOR, Albany
MARGARET SPRAGUE, Central Valley
KATHERINE TEBBUTT, Albany
PAULINE VROOMAN, Brooklyn
DOROTHY WHITING, Rochester

LILLIAN BAXTER, Ithaca
LOIS BAYLEY, North Tonawanda
EDNA CARLING, New York
ALICE DRISCOLL, Ithaca
ELEANOR FISHER, Spencer
HELEN FORTMILLER, Newark
EMMA HATHAWAY, Watertown
ELIZABETH HAWES, Tarrytown
RUTH HERT, Rochester
HELEN HOFF, Rochester
OLIVE ILER, New York
NELLA MARSHALL, Watertown
DOROTHY MARKS, Rochester
ELEANOR MULFORD, Hampton, L.I.
MILDRED NELSON, Great Neck, L. I.
MARY WITHERBEE, OWEN, Pt. Henry
HENRIETTA RIDDELL, Amsterdam
JOSEPHINE SCHMIDT, Kingston
MARION BENNIS, Brooklyn
MARGARET WARD, Albany
VIRGINIA K. WORMAN, Westport



Western Club

President, CAROL HUMRICHouser
Secretary and Treasurer, L. IRENE LAUER
Honorary Member, MRS. ERNST HERMANN

Members

Carol Humrichouser
 Christine Scott
 Edna Wilbert
 Irene O'Neill
 Antoinette Dustin
 Emma Abel
 Claris Ritter
 Carolyn Smith
 Elizabeth Bartlett
 Irene Lauer
 Frances Wiswell
 Louise Tausche
 Anita Hindry
 Helen Smith
 Laura Dunham
 Sarah Tucker

Margaret MacGregor
 Ruth Browne
 Verna Medenwald
 Grace Kellogg
 Ava Holmes
 Eva Pack
 Gladys Bell
 Ruth Woodruff
 Dorothy Woodward
 Alva MacDougall
 Kathryn Weller
 Jane Brown
 Helen Shoenberg
 Flora Mitts
 Thelma Wertenberger
 Kathleen Carlyle
 Dorothy Yates

Gladys Myers
 Emma Murry
 Dorothy Stubbs
 Marguerite Allen
 Clara C. Perley
 Dora Sharpe
 Eloise Squier
 Priscilla Brown
 Ruth Baxter
 Lorraine Fustney
 Rhea Riedel
 Marjorie Stevenson
 Meryle Houser
 Merle Sampson
 Romona New
 Mary Holton



WESTERN CLUB



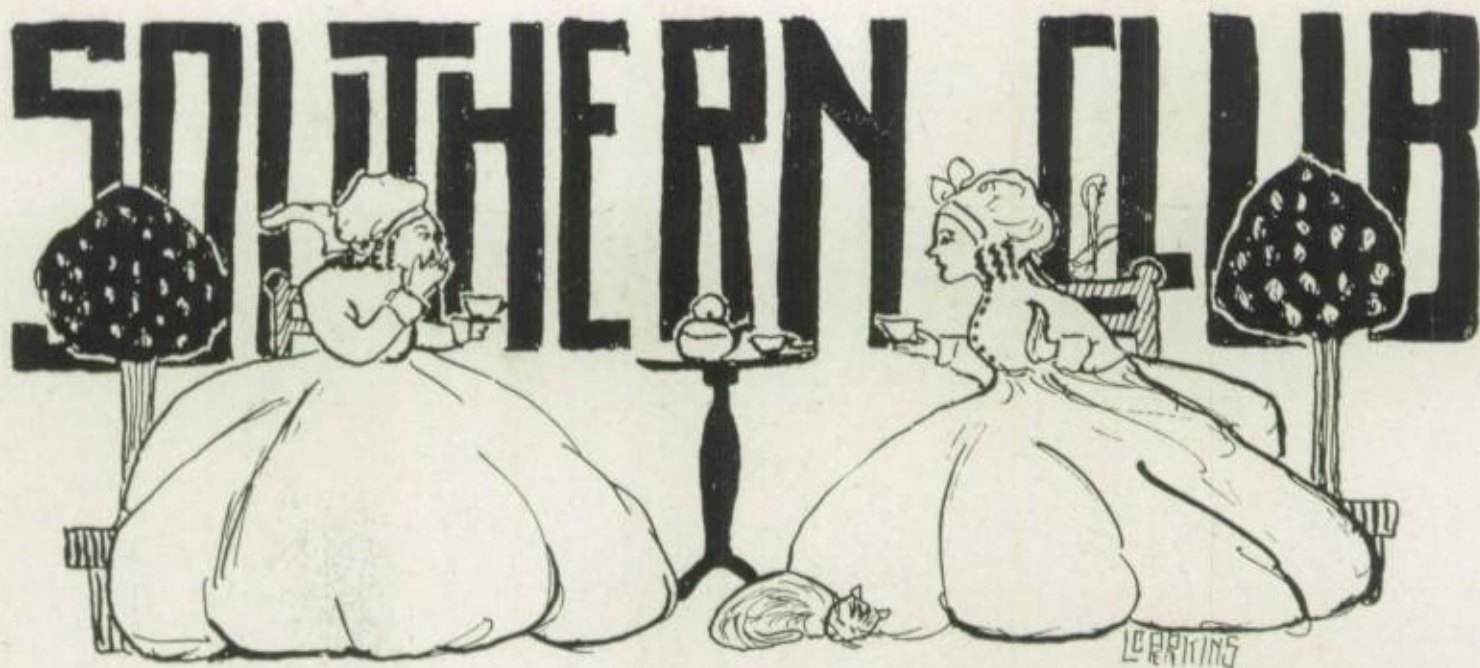
June Camp - "How wonderful the moon is"

Editor's note Vigilant Stu G's soon interrupt, and put an end to such idol worship!



Three months later "Why isn't the moon the sun when night comes!!"

Editor's note The temperature never goes beyond 32° in any direction during Sept. at Camel.



JESSIE LINDSAY, *President*

Christine Moore
Mary McDonald
Eleanor Wright
Eleanor Taylor
Sara Muchert
Dorothy Bruce
Jane Stockton
Josephine Cox
Edith Proelss
Clara May Warren

Anne Boillin
Elizabeth Emory
Leonore Ivey
Hannah Bertuch
Marion Boatwright
Girda Busk
Frances Garnet
Margaret Mulholland
Martha Ricker

Katherine Da Camara
Mabel Miller
Frances Sheltman
Elizabeth Davis
Mildred Johnston
Anne Bell Chaffin
Mathilde McLelland
Hazel Murray
Esther Rountree
Martha Wilcox





E. PROELLS
C. WARREN
S. ALLEN
B. GORDON
M. HAUSER
M. BROWN
R. HARLOW
H. HALSTEAD
V. CHEYNEY
G. BARRY
H. CONNOR
E. LEINONEN
B. HOOPER
A. BURR
R. COULTER
M. MULFORD

L. BOWERS
E. REICHENBACHER
P. HUNT
K. SHIELDS
M. REED
I. LEHR
L. TAUSCHE
F. MUNN
E. HAWES
K. WILLIAMS
A. LEWIS
C. BROOK
C. RITTER
D. RUGGLES
E. TAYLOR
C. DIXON

F. ELDRIDGE
E. WILLIAMS
C. PAYNE
E. O'CONNOR
A. DRISCOLL
M. CASEBEER
N. HEWITT
L. PERKINS
O. CRANK
H. SCHONBERG
E. HAWES
C. PERLEY
I. O'NEIL
M. PAULIN
M. CRAWLEY
M. WEEDON



INSTRUMENTAL CLUB



THE Instrumental club was formed last year from the former Mandolin and Ukelele Clubs. The union has proved very satisfactory. No public performance has been attempted, but the members have greatly enjoyed the meetings. Mr. Fred Stephens of the Harvard Mandolin Club gave some helpful suggestions and aided in selecting music.

Here's to continued success for the coming year.

BERTHA PORTER, '18, *President*

LESLIE PERKINS, '20

HELEN HOWELL, '20

ESTHER O'CONNOR, '20

MARION BOATWRIGHT, '20

CLARA PERLEY, '19

MARJORIE HALL, '19

ANNE BELL CHAFFIN, '20

JESSIE LINDSEY, '18



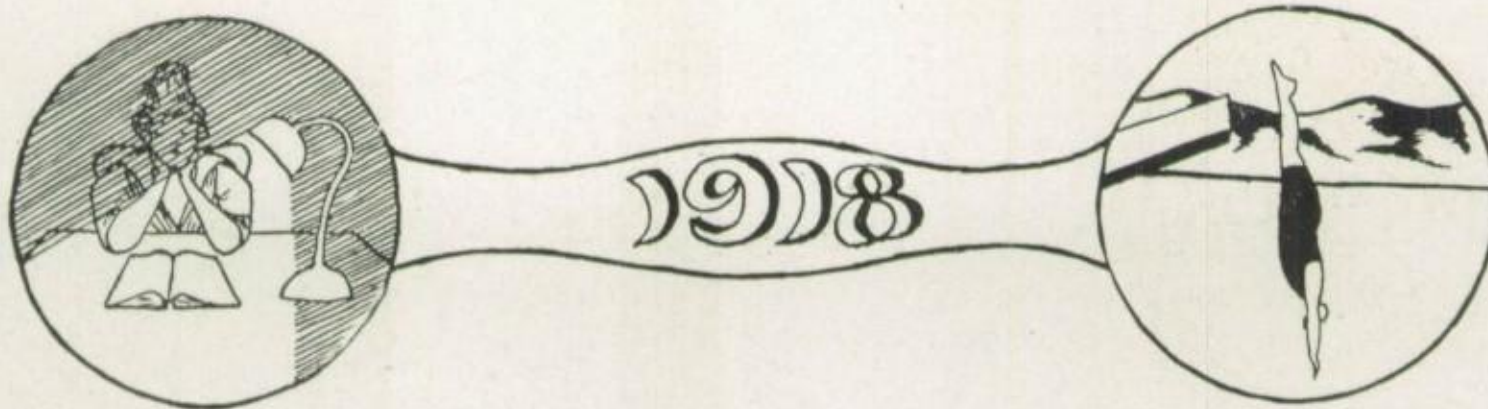
Dormitory Dramatics

ONE-ACT plays have become immensely popular during the past decade and Sargent authorities have availed themselves of the opportunity they offer. To supplement our Voice Training, each year every dormitory must give a play under the management of some Senior. The title and time of production are unknown until two weeks before, when cuts are drawn. This gives each dormitory as fair a chance as its rivals. Two plays are given in one evening and they are usually run off with a fortnight between pairs.

Besides many other war activities, the receipts from Dormitory Dramatics are turned over to the Cambridge Unit of the Red Cross.

Elizabeth Morris, who was chairman of the Dormitory Play Committee, left school at the close of the first semester. It was a regrettable loss, since she had filled her office most efficiently. Ruth Baxter was appointed as her substitute.

The nineteen-eighteen race for the Cup, which was awarded Mrs. Hills' dormitory last year, has been run with even greater interest this season. Dormitory plays have been successful and well done, since the girls have shown much ingenuity in both their management and interpretation. "Even at Sargent temperament is not unknown." In conclusion it may be said that though theatrical complaints in both Boston and New York have been many, Sargent difficulties have been comparatively few.



Wendell Hall

Sargent has a dormitory,
It's called Wendell Hall.
All kinds of girls are found in it,
Thin, fat, short and tall.

The Seniors are Helen and Sylvia,
Who in dancing do delight;
When they get dressed on Thursdays,
They think they are some sight.

Gertrude and Babe room together,
Way up on third floor.
Their mothers also were room-mates,
Now what could you ask for more?

And there on the second floor front,
There's Lois and Helen King.
Of their good times o'er chafing-dish,
They many annals could sing.

Steve is our busy young lady,
She embroiders, knits and crochets.
She can make the most wonderful presents
In the very fewest of days.

And Peggy's our little red devil,
Who incites us to mischief and glee;
I'm sure you'd split your sides laughing,
If her antics you could but see.

Edith, who comes from Chicago,
Looks to be very demure.
But if you could hear her giggles,
You'd change your opinion, I'm sure.



Sophie is always knitting,
Except when she sees "Thirteenth Chair"
And then her blood-curdling yelling
Makes people go right up in the air.

Jerry and Garnett, inseparables,
May always together be seen;
And when it comes to men, my dears,
We'll have to admit them the queens.

Lovie's the best little proctor,
You ever could expect to find.
She certainly discovers the culprits,
They're always on her mind.

Billy Staples and Sheppie
Always have company.
Ask them about the sardines
And what their effect will be.

Jimmie's the sensible person
Who lives up to principles true.
We all respect her for it,
As indeed, who wouldn't do?

Gerda is Garnett's room-mate,
Who's from Washington, D. C.,
And as for her neurosis and cortex
Their traces you plainly can see.

Then Brownie and Faith, although quiet,
Have made themselves many friends,
And here my love of a monologue,
At last — and finally, ends.

• B. W. T., '19

Dwellers in the Suburbs

1741 Massachusetts Avenue

Above the city's roar and din
A Sargent Dorm does stand;
The matron grave, she knows no sin,
Is leader of this band.
She guides each one in paths of truth
With stern and mighty hand.

Now Rosie lives on third floor front,
She dines on "Graham" crackers;
She is our councillor so stern,
And after all the slackers —
She dressmakes, too, an awful lot,
Her lessons well she'll learn.

Our modest "Ray," who dwells next door,
We've corrupted past repair;
She goes on Sunday to the church,
Stanley's doth her oft ensnare;
She murmurs "Grace" before each meal,
Our Ray of the auburn hair.

Now Leilia lives with Betty B,
Good children both are they;
In scrapes of many different kinds
Our Leila's in, they say.
But Betty's our waitress, short and sweet,
She serves us all with tay. (tea.)

With Helen C. is Willowy "Slim,"
Whose fate is physical "Ed."
Her room-mate's fate is different far,
A Thug she'll be, 'tis said;
But long ere Slim comes home at night
She's fast asleep in bed.

Now Mildred Mann and Vampire Smed,
Live together happily;
Smed questions the postman anxiously,
Some word from "Tommy" maybe,
And Mildred has a namesake cute,
Like whom she tries to be.

Three little maids from school come next,
Marion, Jean, and Belle;
The classes Marion and Jean have cut
I never dare would tell.
But Belle would never cut a class,
She might not get to — Heaven !



1918



From far out west comes Arizona,
The wildman of our tribe;
A splendid athlete strong is she,
But one we cannot bribe.
And when stern proctor she becomes,
I'm sure we'd all subside.

There remain just three of our merry crew,
Hoyt, Greenie, and Eleanor;
But, ladies so awfully discreet are they,
Of their life we'll tell no more.
And now my tale is at an end,
So you I'll no more bore.

V. B., '19

13 Waterhouse St.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO OUR DORM

- IF — Garde ever did any work?
- IF — Ruth H. followed in the footsteps of her roommate?
- IF — Bobby S. liked Hattie?
- IF — Joe had black hair?
- IF — Ruth W. ever kept to the point in an argument?
- IF — Dot "cut the comedy?"
- IF — Pris ever argued with any one?
- IF — Marie, though short sighted, failed to see something "good looking?"
- IF — Olive broke a rule?
- IF — Ruth S. evacuated the parlor?
- IF — Edith lost little Tony?
- IF — Gladys dieted?
- IF — Beth overslept?
- IF — Louise wasn't — ?
- IF — Charlotte failed to receive her Sunday special?
- IF — Dunc stopped rushing?
- IF — Bud did everything she threatened?
- IF — Bob told all she knew?

1636 Massachusetts Avenue

What is so rare as a day in October,
When the trains bring us here, from — well, just all over?
From north, south and west, to Sargent, they come —
But then, my story's not yet begun.

A "dorm" is our home throughout the long year,
We number at present just eighteen girls here,
Four Juniors, three Seniors, and some Freshmen, too,
Just come into the dorm,— why the air's even blue!
(Blue is the Freshman color dontchaknow.)

We brag of few heroes, 'cause we "Haight" to do that.
But when "Marks" come out, we'll never fall flat.
In hockey we'll be there, a little bit later,
If you don't believe that, just ask — Ruth Slater.

The light of the dorm is "Sunny" so sweet,
And "Jessie" her roommate, just can't be beat.
Of course, Annah is always in for some fun.
And hearty, good-natured, kindly Florence Munn.

What can "Be-ment," when the telephone rings,
And, "Marge Kellogg is wanted," the matron then sings.
We all wonder why we don't get a call,
But the "Marjories" are popular — it's often for "Hall."

Oh, if you only knew what "Ramona New"
And because you do not, just ask Helen Pew.
'Tis many a secret, which they might refute,
If, assistance is needed, then turn to "Kay" Nute.

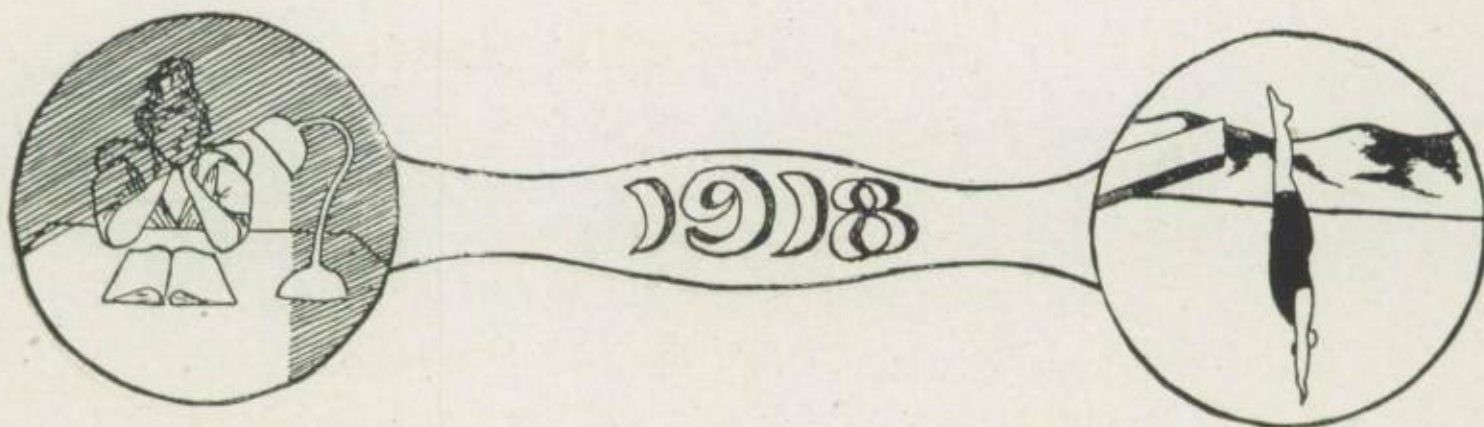
We have Frances Shelt — "man," the male star of the show,
And all the girls fell for him, don't you know.
She makes in our school the very best man,
Say more than that, if any of you can.

Mr. Herman, is awful "clubby" with "Tuck,"
But we all know she's in for a bunch of good luck.
Katherine Bowman, in theory, surely is great,
And Helen Rudy, her roomie, can tell you your fate.

If "Billy" Mellen, one week-end in the dorm would stay,
I certainly think that we'd all pass away.
For the moment good-bye to her books she can kiss,
She runs, right out, to visit her "Sis."

And when at the end of this year we shall part,
Each one shall say, with all of her heart
That no matter what happens she will never forget
The good times she's had, and the girls she has met.

K. R. B., '20



37 Gorham

There is a "dorm" which is wide renowned
And I'll tell you where it may be found.
Go down Everett Street to Perkins Hall,
Turn left, then right, then left, that is all.
And right before you, number thirty-seven,
You'll see the "dorm" which to us is Heaven.
Here Mrs. Ellis through four long years,
Has "mothered her chicks" through joys and tears.
The room which belonged to "Connie" and "Pete,"
For "Frosh" in the house is now retreat.
To Marion and to "Bert" (who have come to stay;
Not like Ellen French, who soon went away.)
This room with its fireplace, makes a nice nest,
Where at night the Freshmen come home to rest.
Of these, Agnes and "Frank" from out the far West,
Decided that Sargent, of all schools, was best.
To prove that among us we really have fame,
I'll just mention "High Jump" and then say her name;
'Cause Eleanor Wright, up at camp last September,
Made a high mark, which we all remember.
It seems that from Gorham Street wedding bells chime,
For like "Peter" of last year, there came this year a time
When our Margaret, whose daintiness filled all our hearts,
Fled from us with "Him" to far distant parts.
Up on third floor our House Councillor "Spad,"
Rules us with her smile, (instead of the rod.)
Of all the house, I do have a hunch,
That up on the top floor is the noisiest bunch.
There is "Ike" and Betty and "Tubby" and "Pete,"
Who when they're all singing (?) in noise can't be beat!
Next there is Helen, who when we feel blue,
On the "Vic" just plays us a gay tune or two.
So now you see why I said, of all the rest,
That Gorham Street "Dorm," we know, is the best!

A. H., '19



2 Rutland Street

You're not very far from the Avenue,
2 Rutland.

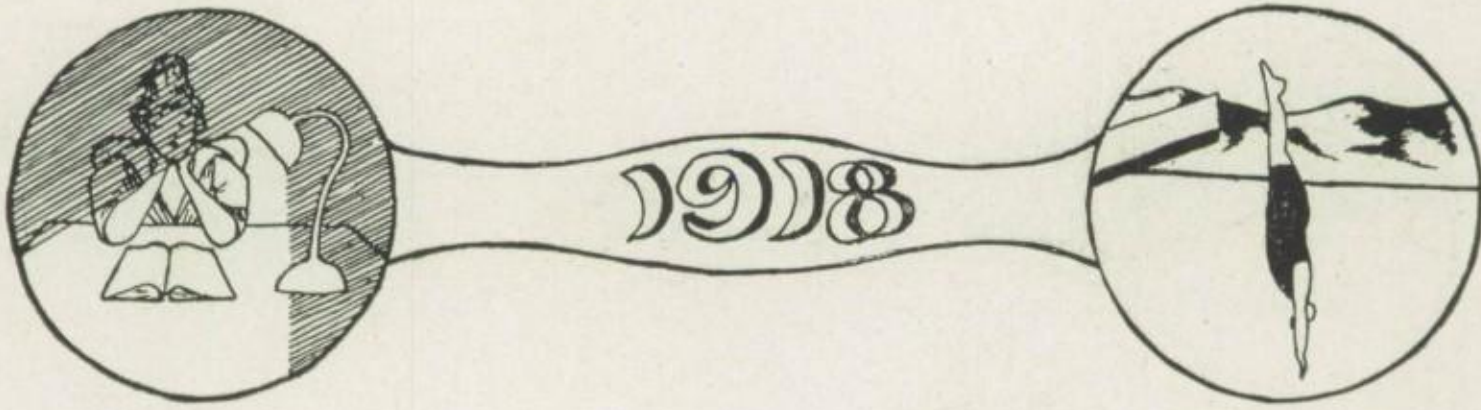
I'll sing my little song to you,
2 Rutland.

You surely are a model house,
Your inmates never do carouse,
But keep as still as any mouse,
2 Rutland.

Your Seniors three uphold your name,
2 Rutland.
Irene can surely play some game,
2 Rutland.
The other two are also clever,
You'll find them cutting classes, never,
That is, at least, not hardly ever,
2 Rutland.

There are Juniors plenty, they number eight,
2 Rutland.
They're always around, be it early or late,
2 Rutland.
Perley will tickle the ivories,
Gaby's dancing will always please.
And the rest will do any stunt with ease,
2 Rutland.

Of Freshmen we've got only one at
2 Rutland.
But she does her best to make up for that, at
2 Rutland.
And now, at last, my story's done,
If I've offended anyone
I beg your pardon, every one,
2 Rutland.



Mrs. Lundin's Dormitory

Three years ago last October the Sargent Board honored 1583 Massachusetts Avenue, with the name "Approved House" and sent to it all of the seemingly bookish, mentally proficient lasses who came with sheepskins under their arms. But they soon found that a lassie is a lassie "for a' that", and before they knew it they had another full-fledged dormitory proposition to deal with — the Lund Inn.

For the past two years it has consisted of the Lund Inners, who live here all of the time, and the Lun Diners who come here for 6 o'clock refreshments daily; all of whom discuss dieting and reducing ceaselessly — which says enough for the eats! and all of whom, if they were here last year, have returned this year, while the new ones have reserved a whole floor for next year — which says enough for the matron and the place!

Last year our matron dwelt much on "the girls I had last year". For a long time we thought they all must have died. The reports she gave of them smacked of obituary notices and writeups — so good they all were. But hark to our tale of woe. This year we find that we are "last year's girls" with all their inherited perfection, and a constant puzzle to the Freshmen who find us so like unto them now. Next year — but why disillusion the new-comers next fall!

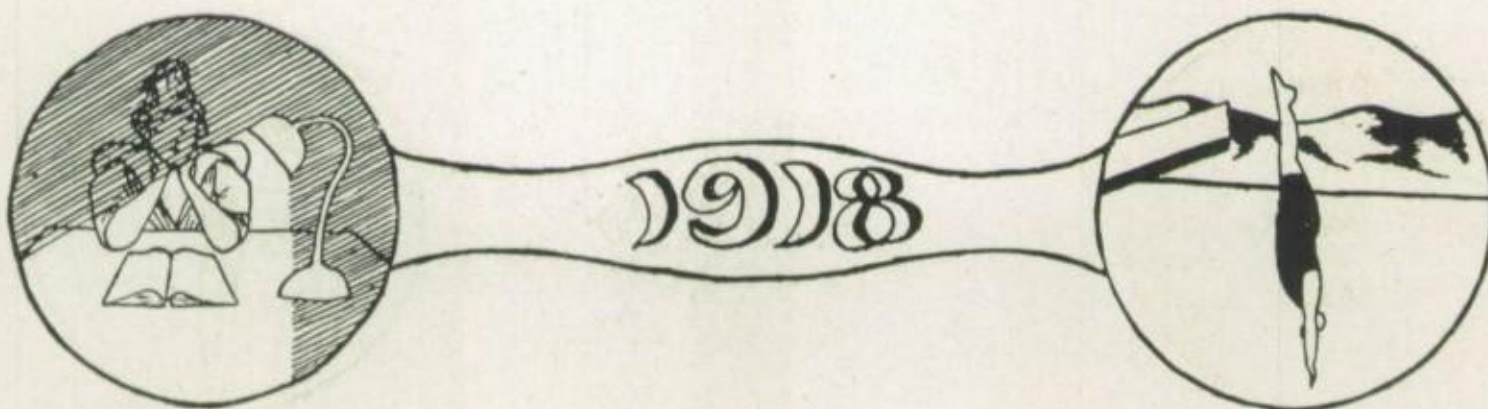
The Inn mates dress Sargent-like enough for the most part; the Freshmen assimilating their brothers' wardrobes, while the Seniors restrict themselves to a school-ma'amly tailor-maidness, but the breakfast costume of every girl is unique. See for yourself. The English language proves inadequate.

The Dorm has had its Family Skeleton, its Mystery, and its Secret. About the Skeleton they coined the word "dingy", but the fact leaked out that many individuals in a sort of relay were favored with the nickname "Itchy".

Its Mystery — a strange, veiled lady who lives in the other half of the house, who goes about her tasks at midnight, sweeping her porch, shoveling her walk, and painting her balcony — orange; and pinning "Keep off my property" missives in obscure places, and who lives without fuel or water.

Its Secret — for a time the girls developed a simultaneous need of seconds on meat and a call for bones with it. *A. Dog in Room D. D.!*

Thus endeth the first chapter of the history of the Lund Inn.



15 Shepard

Down the stairs the Lambkins flew,
A finer bunch there never grew;
Short and tall and lean and fat —
Girls who came from all o'er the map.

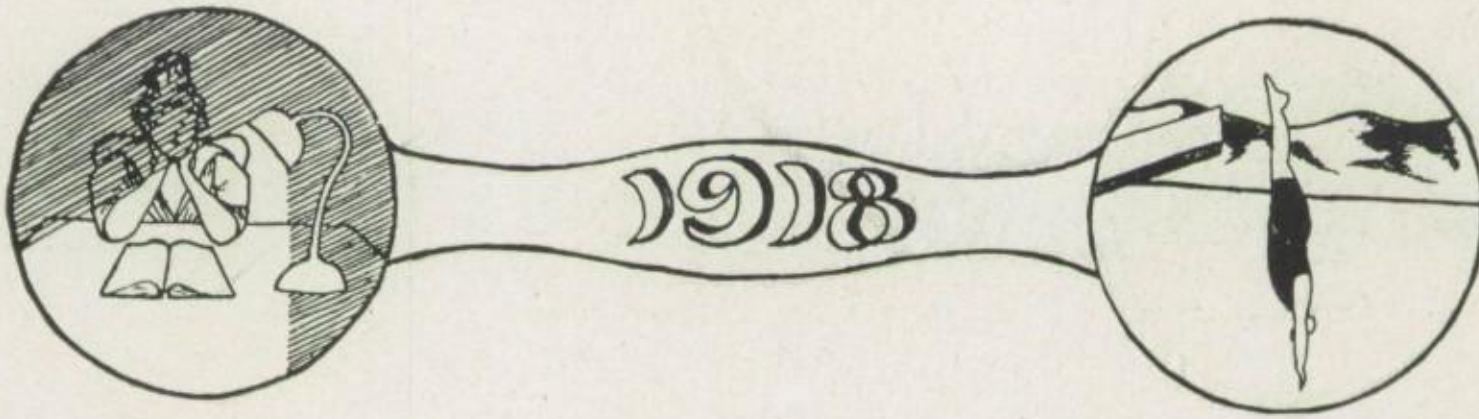
"Mutt and Jeff" can make "some noise,"
Blanche hath dignity and poise;
"Polly" giggles — "Sniddy" grins,
I fear Rowena likes the "min."

"Wizzy" and Betty cut their hair,
"Jane" and Ethel are a pair;
"Oswald" thrills us with her charm,
For she has hair that keeps us warm.

Two "Nans" have we — alike, I doubt,
For one is thin and the other stout;
Bessie and Dot with "dukes are deft,"
"Quaker" came when "Dutchie" left.

Eldridge likes the telephone,
"Kay" and Helen are never alone.
"Bobbie" and Margaret come over for lunch,
And Darrow, the Stud. G. looks after the bunch.

Here you have them — one and all —
The lean, the fat, the short, the tall.
At 15 Shepard is their fold,
Now endeth the story I have told.



Parker's "Dorm"

Something new about our dorm,
They have asked us to unfold,
But we find it can't be done,
For the tale has all been told.
Each of us received our "knock"
In the writeup of last year,
And we liked the place so much
We just naturally stayed here.

Though the cars outside may roar,
When we'd like to go to sleep.
And for meals we have to go,
All the length of Chauncy Street.
Still the bunch remains the same
And we do not care to roam,
For at sixteen twenty-six,
We have found a "dorm" that's *home*.



1918



Castle House, 16 Mellen St.

By FLORENCE CURTIS, ex-'20

Passed by the Melonpatch Board of Nonsensors.

Never heard of "The Castle?"
Well, you *are* a fool;
It's the most famous dorm
Of all Sargent School.
And as for ourselves,
Just listen a bit;
In order to know
Why it makes such a hit.
"Tommy" 's a nickname,
For Miss Laura Cuyle;
But to hear her called Laura
Makes everyone smile.
Now Billy's an athlete,
Though big and quite fat;
But she's clever at dancing,
There's no doubting that.
Brownie's a good sport,
Out for everything, too.
There's not much in the Gym
That she cannot do.
If you're blue, ask for Johnny,
For when you feel bad,
Just start her a-raving,
And you cannot be sad.
Have her take-off "Mid" Lewis —
You'll very soon see
That Johnny has got her
Right down to a "T."
Besides, there is Blackie,
Knitting many a sweater;
And as for her dancing,
Find anyone better!
Anne Bell is a member
Of the mighty "Stu Gees,"

But she's ready for fun,
As one quickly sees.
When we want to dance evenings
In our "Salle de Musique,"
We ask Helen to play,
She's the best one could seek.
For she plays every piece
With so very much pep,
That one never gets tired,
And cannot lose step.
Perkie's House Councillor,
Rings every bell;
And when we hear them
We want to say — "WELL ??!!"
Connie, she fiddles,
She's one of the "Band";
She likes Eleanor Taylor,
Not a crush — *understand?*
She adores to ride horseback,
Oh, she'll enjoy camp,
Once she rode in the movies,
For "Theda, the Vamp."
Tauschie can sing
Like a young nightingale (?)
As a leader in chorus,
She never will fail.
Clara May's rather stout,
She's here to reduce;
And she's on a new diet,
That is strict as the deuce.
But when we have sweet stuff,
Cake and all that,
We are all mighty glad,
That she thinks she is fat.



1918



Nick is her room-mate,
Very bright, so 'tis said,
And before an exam
She knocks loads in one's head.
Boaty's another
Of musical fame,
And with her fine fiddle
Will sure make a name.
She's here as a "special,"
And has quite a cinch,
No cramming or grinding,
Or lessons to pinch.
Then there is Brickie,
So bashful and shy,
But she'll outgrow that
In the sweet bye-and-bye.
Helen Howell was *Roxanna*
When we gave our dorm play,
She made quite a hit,
As that lady so gay.
Lillian Baxter's a girl,
With a face very sweet;
And one whom we all
Are right glad to meet.
Louise, it is said,
Has a beau steady,
Do you think she is wearing
A diamond already?
Bud Fisher is fond
Of good things to eat,
Her closet's a pantry,
And she always will treat.
Then Sarah, the faithful,
Who never was known
To miss giving Anne Bell
A boost of her own.
And now as you know,
The best things are small;
Our Angela's quite
No exception at all.

She's winsome and funny,
And ever so sweet;
How we wish we could dance
As she uses her feet!
Elizabeth Davis,
Though new, is a dear;
And fitting right in
As though here a year.
Now Hilda and Mary
Are "third floor front,"
Where one always is welcome,
Though the stairs are some stunt!
Alas for poor Curtie,
Who thought wall-scaling fun,
For she found to her sorrow,
After 'twas done,
That it had done her
For the rest of this year.
But she's coming back again
To us next year.
These, then, are the "ladies"
And "Knights of the realm,"
Who live in the Castle,
And strong at the helm
Is the matron, Miss Condon,
Foremost of her kind,
Who guards us and keeps us
From all things unkind.
Now you who have read this,
As far as it's gone,
Will find to your sorrow
That our term is done.
But no matter who lives
In the Castle next year,
If you follow our antics,
You'll have fun, never fear.
Castle House is *the* place,
If you live in a dorm;
But, oh! How you rowdies
Would have to reform!!



1918



Enrollment of Students

1917-1918

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1918



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1918



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1918



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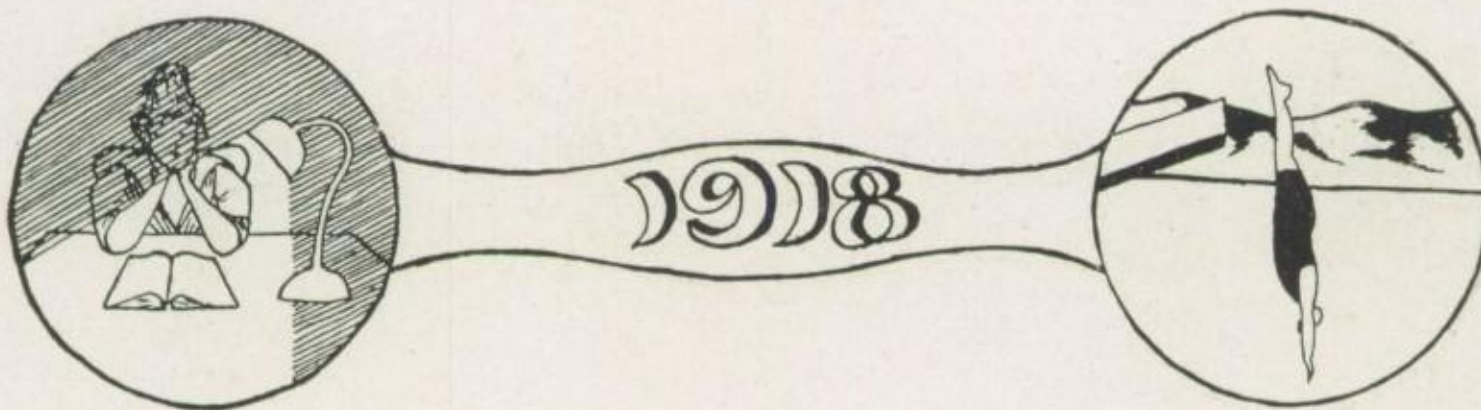
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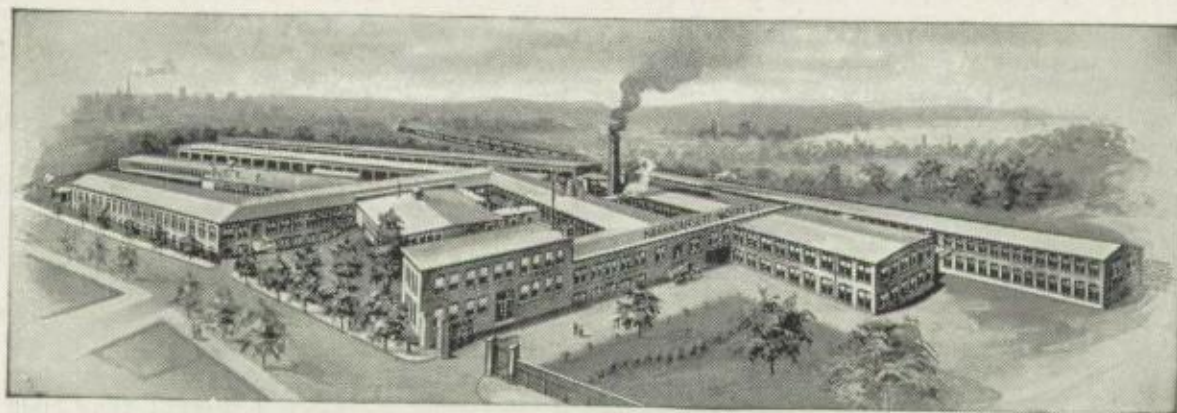
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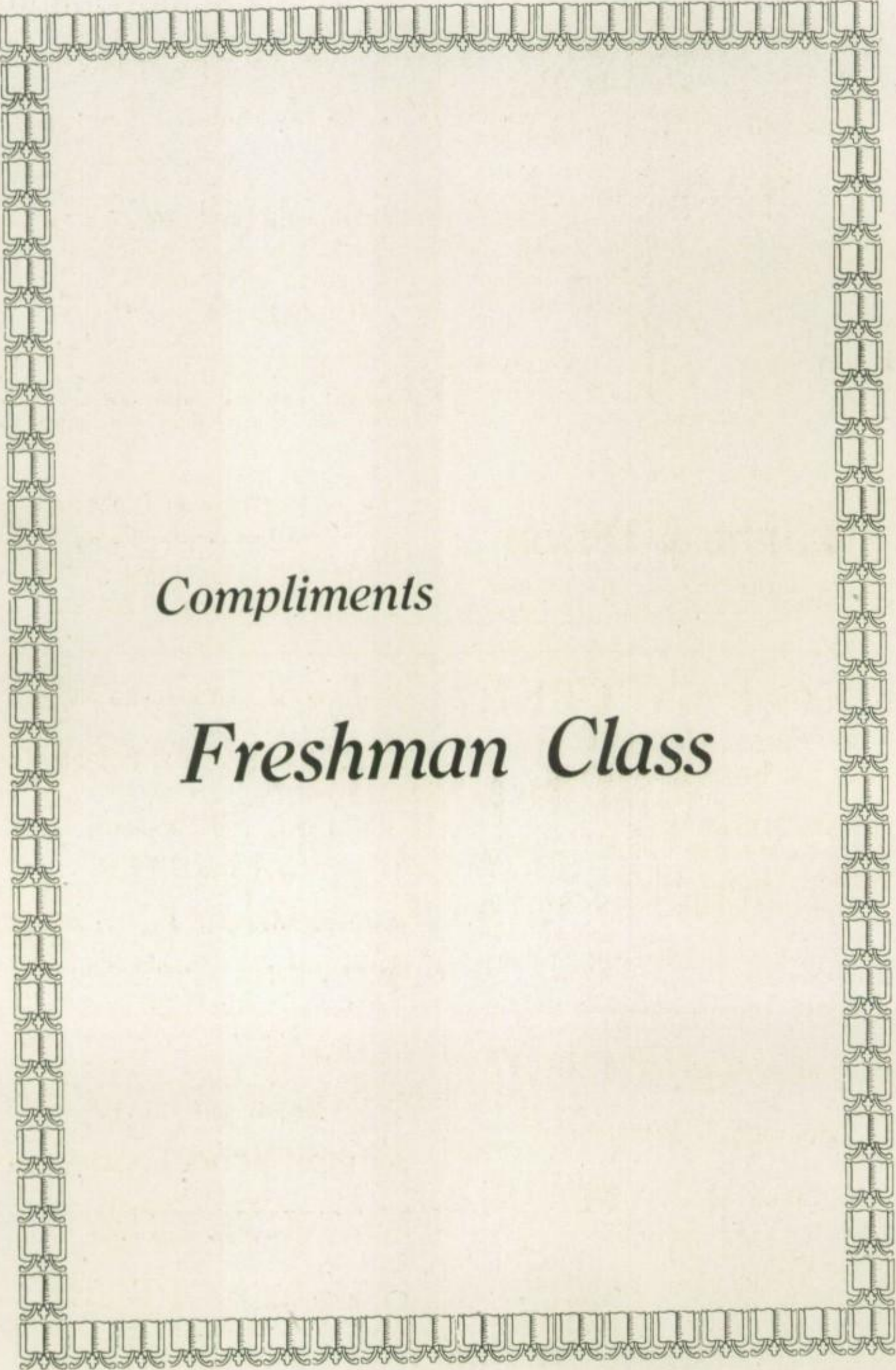
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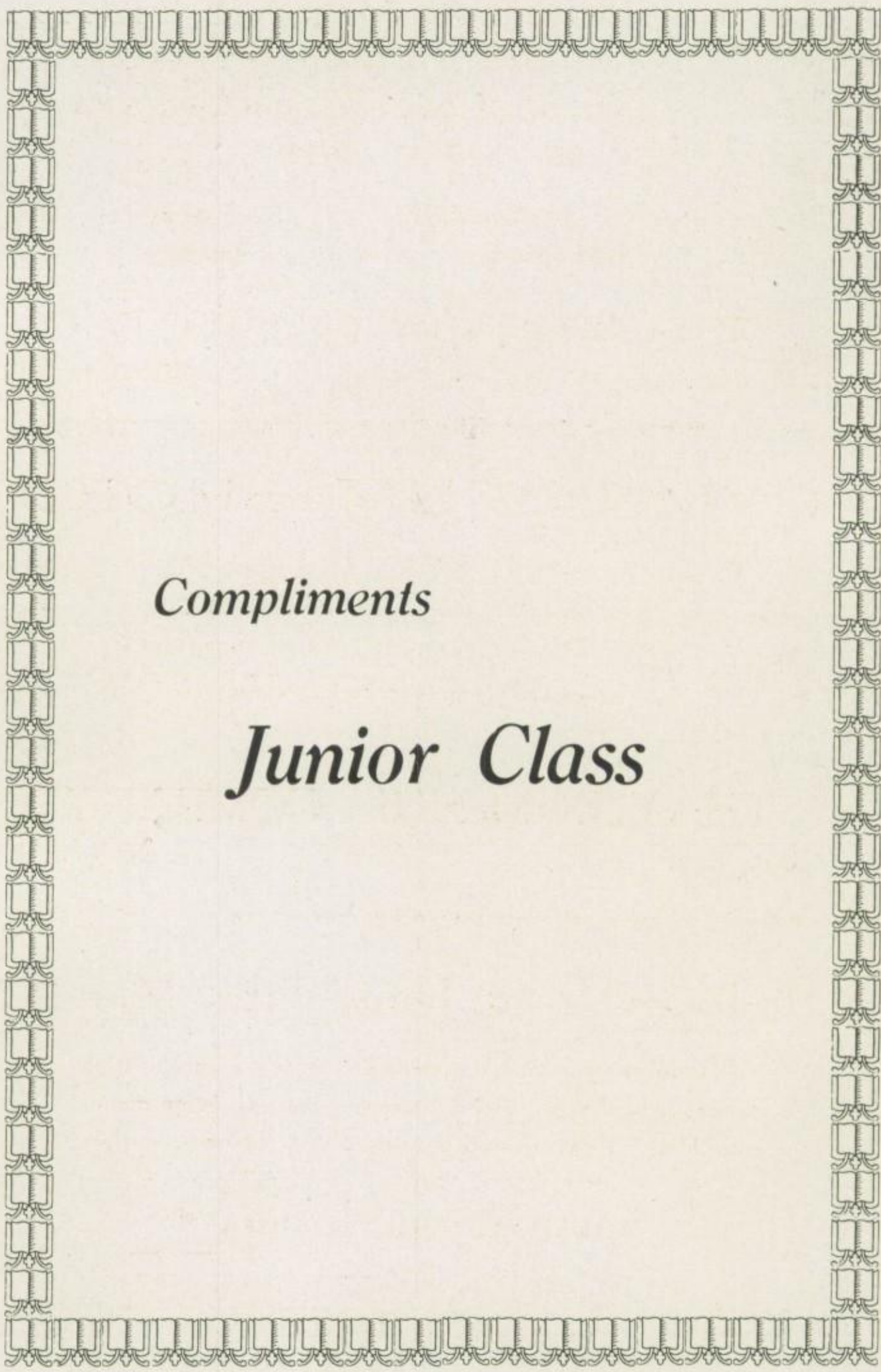
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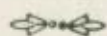
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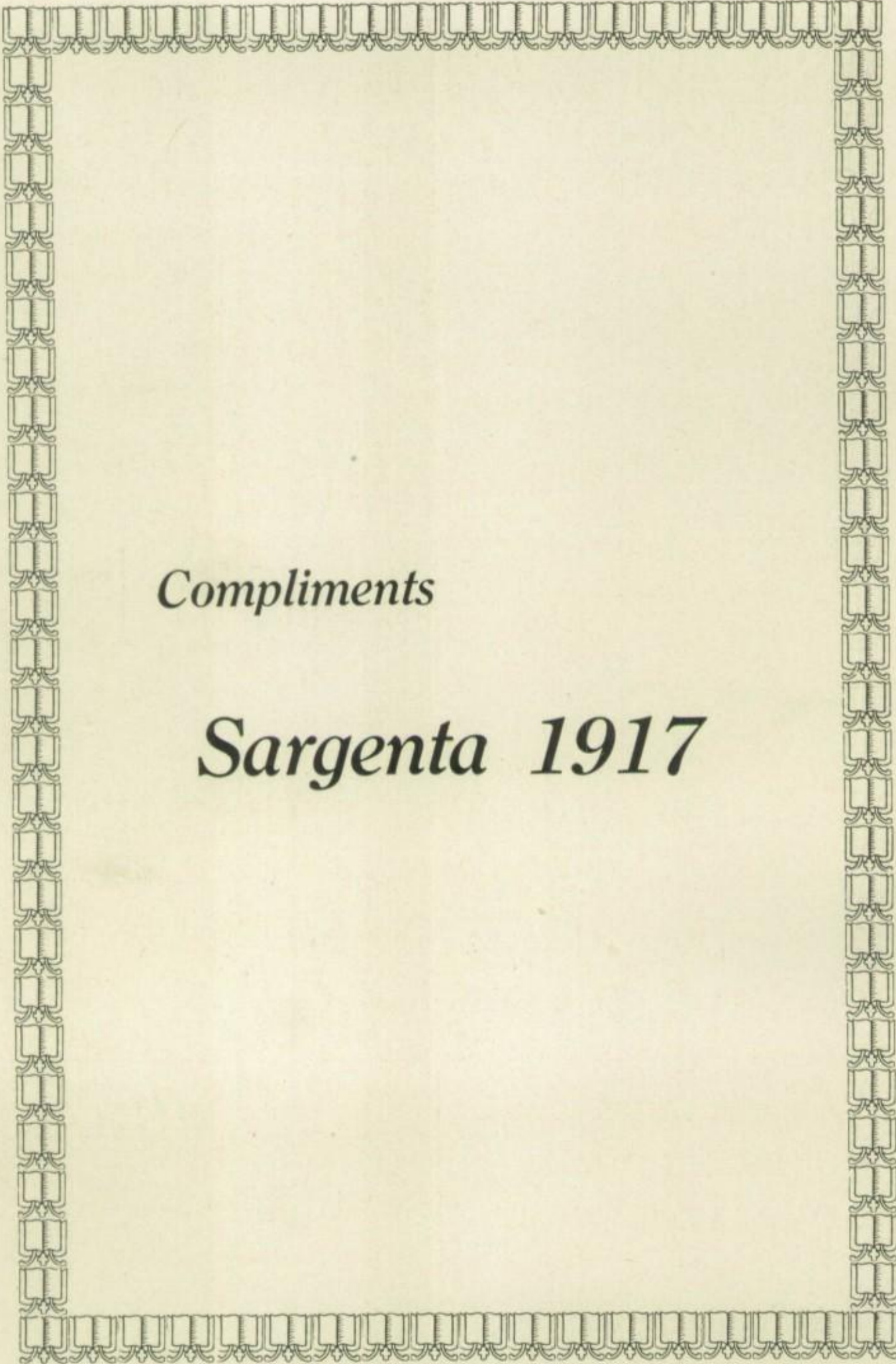
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